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May, 1984
Vol. Seven, No. Five



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The Eastman-Smith Covered Bridge
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Indian Dancer
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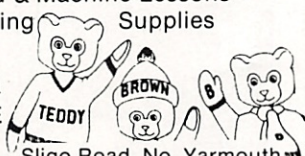


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BitterSweet Views

MEMORIAL DAY

*In Flanders' Field the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row...*

Flags snapping in the spring breeze, muffled drums, the crack of gunfire and the trumpet sounds of "Taps"—it is the annual spring ritual of Memorial Day, a solemn ceremony involving uniforms of the past, school children heading into the future... and a remembrance.

Flowers and flags bedeck lichen-crusted stones in our old shady cemeteries. Veterans of Foreign Wars walk through the town square—proudly, humbly, remembering fallen comrades with memories which they hope the rest of us will never know. Mustard gas, Fokkers and Messerschmidts; Japanese prison holes; 88's and concentration camps; punji sticks and fragging. It is a whole separate, horrible vocabulary.

Girl and boy scouts march, too, without the horror of war in their kit bags, but with a pride of country and awe at the pageantry of massed Americans, flags and cannon. There

is, of course, the promise of ice cream at the other end. But they will still remember.

The bands begin—shining brass and high school uniforms, stifling hot pavement or cold rain in the face. Fragments of marches pass the sidewalk spectators, whipped between the flags until everyone walks with them to hear the music, "America The Beautiful" or "The Star-Spangled Banner." Somehow, in the open amphitheatre among our neighbors, it brings tears even to the jaded eye.

Is this just a way to glorify war? I think not. Is it to "kick off" summer? Not merely that. Is it just to dust off the faded uniforms? Why would we?

No, it is for remembrance. Here in New England we remember the dead in Flanders Field, at Antietam, Chateau-Thierry, Normandy, Guadalcanal, Chosin Reservoir, An Lac, Beirut. They are not the only ones we remember, of course. None of my grandparents went to war, but we will still plant red geraniums against their white marble stones and talk of the things we remember about them.

Still, the traditional Memorial Day poetry and parades honor those who went to war because it seemed necessary, and especially those who never came home. It seems important, to me, that we remember that sadness, so that those little marching boys and girls with shining faces need never go.

Pictured below is the home of our new office, the Cornish Inn, with flag waving. BitterSweet's office and Editor-in-Chief Harry Bee can often be found in a small office at the back, complete with computer, new issues, photocopier and administrative assistant, Sara Gallant.

In this issue you will find a focus on the Civil War era, the time when Memorial Day first began. Civil War researcher and author Jay Hoar of the University of Maine at Farmington has sent us another of his profiles on the longest-surviving members of the G.A.R. Included also is a wonderful tale of North-South intrigue by Dr. William Tacey of Waterford and some rather fascinating unique photographs from the archives of Norway Memorial Library. Copies of glass-plate negatives, they show soldiers in firing position and the primitive Civil War surgery of Dr. Bial F. Bradbury, one of Norway, Maine's favorite historical characters. Included as well is the second installment in our Hamlin Family saga—the exploits of Abraham Lincoln's first vice president, Hannibal Hamlin of Paris Hill.

Future issues will bring you a grab-bag of goodies which you will not want to miss. Watch for stories on artists Ronal Parlin of Stratton and the late Bernard Langlais (through an interview with his wife Helen). Our quintessential artist, Martin Dibner, will be featured in a profile in July. We will be visiting several people who are building solar homes in New England. John Greenleaf Whittier, Sarah Orne Jewett, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow will soon be mentioned. (Why do authors seem to have three names? And what happened to Nathaniel Hawthorne's middle name? He will be featured, too, along with Elizabeth Coatsworth.)

Parsonsfield Seminary, old photographs of Conway, New Hampshire, and Poland Spring, Maine may be seen in this summer's issues along with lots of new fiction and poetry. We will have interesting vegetable and fruit recipes for your garden enjoyment and anything from stock car racing to island living may tickle your fancy.

Nancy Marcotte



Cross Roads

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Elaine Dougherty
Publisher

Harry Bee
Editor-in-Chief

Nancy Chute Marcotte
Editor

Lauren MacArthur
Associate Editor

Sara Gallant
Administrative Assistant

Diane Barnes
Sue Bonior
Glory Dunn
Sales Representatives

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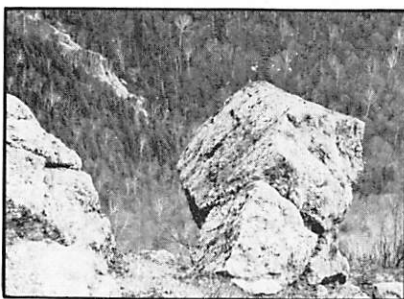
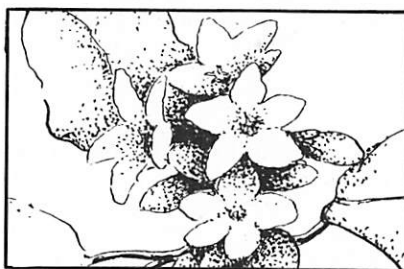
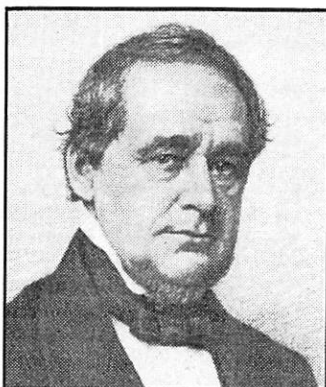
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Poetry

- The Civil War by Andrew Bennett — p. 6
Nothin's Sacred by Anne Scott-Woodson — p. 26
The Old Twombly Farm by Dorothy Gross — p. 26
Mayflowers by Joan Marr — p. 31
Rising by Stephen McCurdy — p. 34
Spring Turning by Dalmar McPherson — p. 42
My Valley by Bernard Ridley — p. 41
Northern Sun by Jamie St. James — p. 41

Cover Country Lane In Springtime by Juanita Perkins. Sukanya Wicks by Jack Barnes.

- 5** The Hamlin Family, Part II: Hannibal Hamlin by David Dexter
- 7** How The Civil War Came to New England by Dr. William Tacey
Photos of the Civil War by Dr. B.F. Bradbury. From the collection of Norway Memorial Library.
- 9** George Henry Jones, Yankee Soldier by Jay S. Hoar
- 11** Lone Confederate Soldier Buried in Gray, Maine
- 13** Ayah (letters to the editor) / Goings On
- 15** Separations: Fiction by David Reichenbacher
- 19** Sukanya Wicks - The Best of Two Worlds by Jack C. Barnes
- 23** The Eastman-Smith Covered Bridge. Photos by T.J. Marcotte & Jack C. Barnes
- 25** Homemade: Boston Baked Beans Were Never Like This by Bea Comas
- 27** The Twenty Dollar Bill: Humor by Dalmar McPherson. Illustration by the author
- 29** View At The Top: Mountain climbing photographs taken by Peter Allen
- 31** Readers' Room:
Maine Mud by Marjorie Blick Gerdes. Illustration by John Gerdes
From Stonewalls To Buttermilk by Doris Thurston. Art by Dalmar McPherson
Lucy Larcom's Poetic Vision of Bethel by Stanley Howe
- 35** Thinking of Country Things: Grapes To Grow by John Meader
- 37** At The Cottage by Carol Gestwicki
- 39** Food For Thought: Fish Stories by Lucia Owen
- 40** A Sportsman's Diary: Fishing at Baxter State Park by Emery A. Santerre, Sr.
- 44** Notes From Brookfield Farm: May Is "Bullen'."



The Second Annual Spring Festival of the Arts Oxford Hills - May, 1984

*"It is the glory and the good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth . . ."*

—Robert Browning, 1812-1889



Winter's woe has past. And in its celebration, Oxford Hills, Maine, residents, relatives, friends and guests acknowledge spring's rebirth of joy and hope with the second annual Spring Festival of the Arts, May 10-13.

The floating performing arts program is an exploration of various art forms. The University of Maine at Farmington Chorus and Community Orchestra will start off this year's festival on Thursday, May 10, at 7:30 p.m. at Oxford Hills High School Auditorium.

Friday evening will host two different musical presentations. The Hillsmen Barbershop Singers will voice their melodious tones, beginning at 6:30 p.m. at the Second Congregational Church, Norway.

At 8:00 p.m. at OHHS Auditorium, the Portland String Quartet, an internationally-followed model of ensemble performance, will execute their consistently fine blend, interpreting works by Beethoven, Walter Piston and Richard Strauss.

Saturday promises a full slate of artistic performances, beginning with a Maypole Dance with the Starling Morris Team Dancers on the OHHS lawn. The Maypole Dance originated in England over 500 years ago, performed by the Moors. It is danced to awaken the ground for spring planting, with the colored streamers symbolizing new crops.

At 1:00 p.m., Maria Jimena Lasansky, well-known dancer, choreographer and educator will perform at the Paris Community Club on Paris Hill.

The 1938 classic Russian film, "Alexander Nevsky," directed by Sergei Eisenstein, music by Sergei Prokofiev, will be shown at 3:00 p.m. at Oxford Hills Jr. High Media Center. Designed as a cinematic symphony or opera, the film remains as an impressive achievement for the director who was looking for official sanction under Stalin at the time he made it. Stalin wanted a film portraying anti-Fascist propaganda with strong elements of traditional Russian chauvinism and the "cult of personality."

Eisenstein's collaboration with Prokofiev, a composer who was his peer, resulted in the triumph of the film's Moscow premiere, awarding its director praise and government patronage. Since that time, Eisenstein has been a director much-studied in film history classes.



The Express Band will delight audiences at 6:30 p.m. Saturday, at the American Legion Hall in Norway.

David Syrotiak's National Marionette Theatre will intrigue all who watch, beginning at 7:30 p.m. at OHHS Auditorium. The mastery of the puppeteers creates human and animal emotions so realistic the viewer will find himself believing the puppets are live, full-sized creatures on the stage.

Sunday, May 13, Mother's Day, after treating Mom to dinner, why not bring her and the family to hear The Cornish Trio? The Universalist Church, South Paris, at 2:00 p.m. is where the singing group, made up of husband-and-wife Tom and Janet Carper, and baritone Peter Allen, will enjoy performing unaccompanied Renaissance songs and madrigals.

Harpsichordist Audley Green and the Dirigo Brass Quintet, whose repertoire ranges from traditional brass ensemble works of the Medieval and Baroque eras to contemporary classical, popular and jazz styles, will give a concert at 6:00 p.m. at the First Congregational Church, South Paris.

Winding up the Festival on Monday will be the Ben Shahn photography exhibit and Western Maine Art Group members show—at the Lajos Matolcsy Art Center in Norway from May 10-13.

Four days, eleven events, something for everyone—one ticket (adults \$6; 6-18, \$3; under 6 free) admits bearers to all events.



THE HAMLIN FAMILY

Hannibal Hamlin: An Active Youth

by David Dexter

A contemporary of Hannibal Hamlin described him as a lad of an "overflowing nature." This active, even mischievous boy, grew to become the nation's fifteenth vice-president. Maine's most prominent native was born August 27, 1809, the sixth child of Dr. Cyrus and Anna Livermore Hamlin. Dr. Hamlin came to Paris Hill in 1805 when Oxford County was formed and this village was made the county seat. He was the first clerk of courts and later sheriff. Mrs. Hamlin was a lady of great pluck. She successfully thwarted a prisoner's attempted escape from the stone jail and was known to be able to place her hand on the back of a horse and without assistance leap from the ground to the saddle.

Hamlin's earlier youth is marked by two now-famous incidents. The first involves a visit to the Hamlin home by the Indian Mollycodd. It is claimed that she saved the infant Hannibal from near death and pronounced that he would grow to become famous. The second incident involves young Hannibal breaking his arm while jumping over a fence. His father was away at the time and another doctor treated him. Upon later learning that he had incorrectly set the boy's arm, he immediately, without warning, grabbed the boy's arm and rebroke it in order to reset it correctly. Reportedly young Hannibal struck the doctor as his arm was rebroken.

Among the many Paris residents during Hannibal Hamlin's youth was the colorful Rev. James Hooper. Elder Hooper rejected many "new fangled" notions such as women's rights and temperance. He held that "men and dogs roam abroad; women and cats should stay at home." After Dr. Cyrus Hamlin pledged to have no more liquor in his home, Elder Hooper refused to call on them declaring that "God sent




rum to us, and therefore, it is a blessing, if we know how to use it."

Enoch Lincoln, the future governor and life-long scholar lived with the Hamlins while Hannibal was a boy. Lincoln possessed probably the best private library in the area and freely lent his books. His varied interests and scholarly pursuits provided rich conversations with the Hamlin family. Lincoln did much to open and excite young Hamlin's mind, despite the fact that the future vice president's education in local schools was noted more for the student's athletic prowess than for his scholarship. Especially fond of roundball, an earlier form of baseball, and wrestling, Hannibal was also a natural fisherman and nimrod. He had a special, secret fishing spot near the village and was known to return to it upon visits to Paris in adulthood.

Wrestling matches between village champions were popular at that time. A neighboring village whose champion was a young blacksmith sent a challenge to Paris. Hannibal Hamlin was selected to represent the village, a date for the match set, and Paris Hill common selected for its place. A good sized crowd gathered to witness the match. When the blacksmith arrived, his advantage in size, strength, and weight immediately discouraged Hannibal's friends. The blacksmith, very confident, swung his arms around in fanciful feints to awe Hannibal. This exposed him, Hannibal darted toward him, grabbed him around the waist, and thumped him to the ground. There was great jubilation among the Paris residents. Upon arising the crestfallen blacksmith was heard to say "Anyhow, he ain't a scientific wrestler," to which Hiram Hubbard retorted, "Han hasn't got any use for science when he can beat it in his own way."

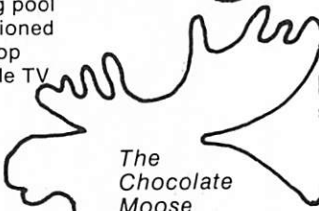
Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, a trustee of Waterville (now Colby) College, wishing Hannibal to prepare for college, placed him in Hebron Academy. At that time husking parties were very popular. The fashion of the day was for a boy to kiss any girl of his choice when finding a red ear of corn. This gave rise to this bit of doggerel: "I would not husk for cows or steers/I only husk to get red ears." Needless to say, Hebron boys frequently accepted invitations to husking parties. Another characteristic of these parties, however, was not so popular with Hebron students at that time, that being the rather free flow of rum. At one such party, attended by young Hamlin, an elderly man became drunk and obnoxious. Resenting his behaviour the schoolboys pelted him with ears of corn and rolled him around the

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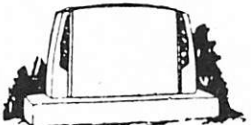
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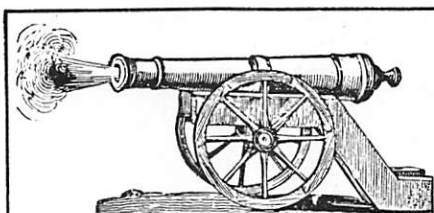
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barn floor. The old man left sore in both body and mind. The boys thought the sobering of their victim would be the end of the incident. They were instead shocked the next morning by being arrested for assault and battery. The boys did not think of hiring a lawyer; they instead turned to their comrade Hamlin to defend them.

The trial took place in the kitchen of a local justice of the peace who has been described as a "pompous old gentleman with great ideas of dignity, but little knowledge of the law or much natural ability." The proceedings opened with great solemnity, but the judge's ridiculous pomp and ceremony was interrupted by the collapse of the kitchen floor. Court, boys, utensils, a closet of crockery, and the family cat were precipitated en masse into the cellar. Nobody was hurt and the boys tumbled out of the ruins in a state of hilarity with predictions that the case against them couldn't stand any better than the justice's floor. The trial resumed at the academy. Hannibal Hamlin took the stand citing law points and employing technical terms which were unfamiliar to the justice. Finally the discomforted justice dismissed Hannibal and fined the others one dollar each.

This incident turned the future vice president's attention to law as a desirable profession. He was obliged to leave Hebron Academy before graduating in order to return to the farm,



THE CIVIL WAR

The block clock talked,
As gaily they did walk,
Upon the very day deeded.

The happy bells clamored,
The picnic smiles opened,
The day the south seceded.

The republic courted the state,
The individual seduced the masses,
The day the love of war succeeded.

Andrew Bennett
Buckfield, Maine

taking over the duties of his brother Cyrus who needed to give his full attention to his failing health. A trip to Boston about this time caused Hannibal to be seized with the desire to become an actor. His father prevailed in convincing him to abandon this idea, yet Hannibal did participate in several of the local productions of the Paris Hill Thespian Club. He also picked up the practical knowledge of surveying when he spent six winter weeks in 1827, accompanying a surveying party to Dead River. In the spring of 1828, he taught one term in his old school on Paris Hill.

Then, at age twenty, Hannibal made up his mind to become a lawyer. He was released from his farm duties and went to study with his brother Elijah, who was already a practicing attorney in Columbia, Maine. The death of their father, however, forced Hannibal's return home to Paris Hill. Yet here he plodded on the farm during the day and read law at night. At this time Hannibal became involved in the printing of *The Jeffersonian* with Horatio King and Henry Carter. These three men would later refer to this enterprise as their college education. King became Postmaster General of the United States; Carter became a noted newspaper editor and, for many years, a municipal judge of Haverhill, Massachusetts.

After this venture, Hannibal Hamlin went to Portland to study with the law firm of Fessenden and Deblois. He returned to Paris Hill and married Sarah, the daughter of Judge Stephen Emery in 1833. After her death he would later marry Sarah's half sister Ellen; both weddings were held in the Emery parlor.

It was in 1834 that Hamlin moved first to Lincoln and then to Hampden where he became a legislator, then moved to Bangor, where began his distinguished political career as a United States' representative, senator, governor, vice president of the United States during Lincoln's first term, and minister to Spain. He died in Bangor July 4, 1891, nearly eighty-two years of age.



David Dexter teaches at Oxford Hills High School and lives at Paris Hill. This article is from The Jeffersonian, published irregularly at Paris Hill, Maine.

HOW THE CIVIL WAR CAME TO NEW ENGLAND



by William S. Tacey, Ed.D.

Northern feelings toward the seceding states during the American Civil War were far from unanimous. Those persons who sympathized with the South were called Copperheads, the name deriving from the custom of wearing pins fabricated from copper pennies. Perhaps the greatest numbers of Copperheads could be found in the Midwest. Thousands united themselves into a secret society called Sons of Liberty. Among their aims was the defeat of Lincoln for a second term and the stopping of the war.

Acting upon this knowledge, President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States and his advisors decided to send to Canada three commissioners, together with various aides, to organize the Northern Copperheads, making in effect a "fifth column," as a similar group was to be called in later wars. They were supplied with some \$200,000 in funds by the Confederate government. This sum was later to be

supplemented by money stolen from northern banks and Federal payrolls, to reach a total of as much as \$2,500,000. Funds were to be used to buy guns and ammunition for Copperheads, who were to be organized into military units.

Confederate agents in New York City were able to buy Henry rifles and Colt revolvers, with appropriate amounts of ammunition. These were then carried by ships running the Yankee blockade to Canada. From there they were smuggled across the border to be hidden by Copperhead leaders until time for their use had arrived.

A principal leader among the Copperheads was Clement Vallandigham, an Ohioan and former member of Congress. There he had supported the anti-abolitionists in their condemnation of President Lincoln's conduct of the war. His most overt action, after

failing of re-election to Congress, was in a speech before 3,000 wildly cheering Copperheads in Dayton, Ohio. He shouted defiance to General Burnside, the commander of the Department of Ohio, who had threatened death to anyone found guilty of aiding the enemy. Arrested soon after making the daring speech, Vallandigham was found guilty of treason. In protest, Copperhead mobs rioted, burned public buildings, looted stores, broke into private homes, and hundreds were wounded by stray bullets. President Lincoln, in reviewing his case, believed that Vallandigham could do less harm by being exiled to the South than being executed in the North. Soon after his release, he appeared in Canada, where he aided the Confederates in their scheme for creating a "Northwest Uprising" against the Federal government.

Among the Confederates in Canada was a remarkable young man of

22 who had served with the Southern raider, General John Hunt Morgan. The young man's name was Thomas Hines, a fearless chap who had become one of Morgan's most trusted officers. Without revealing the secret to anyone else, Morgan detached Hines to the duty of carrying out the work of organizing Copperheads into military units. He was to act, subject to the authority of the three Confederate commissioners in Canada.

The objective of the Confederate "Fifth Column" was the destruction of the cities of Chicago, New York, and Boston, as well as numerous places in between. As a way for diverting attention away from their main aims, Hines planned a minor strike in the Northeast. Probably the best known part of Confederate activity there was the robbing of three banks in St. Albans, Vermont, and a partial burning of the town.

All of the raiders in St. Albans were officers in the Confederate Army, and they planned their strategy well. The robbery went as planned, their prime difficulty carrying the heavy sacks of gold and paper money on horseback. Although fired at by numerous citizens of St. Albans, no one was wounded—the aim was bad. The estimated take was \$175,000.

The plan to rob the bank of Sheldon, Vermont, was frustrated by a posse which was hard on their heels as they rode through the village. The Confederates escaped safely to Canada, where extradition to the United States was denied. The success of the St. Albans raid led to plans to make further attempts elsewhere.

During the late spring and early summer of 1864, residents along the Maine coast reported that numerous "artists" had been seen busily painting and sketching the scenery. Their work was soon to appear in a secret Confederate hideout in Halifax, Nova Scotia. With the sketches and paintings of the Maine coast and other important information at hand, a reconnaissance raid was planned for Washington County, Maine.

Unable to keep a secret, some of the raiders boasted in saloons of what they intended to do. Information about the rumors was sent to Washington, D.C., and orders from Secretary of War Stanton alerted the provost marshal in Portland to the danger. Local police and the Home Guard were also given instructions to be ready.



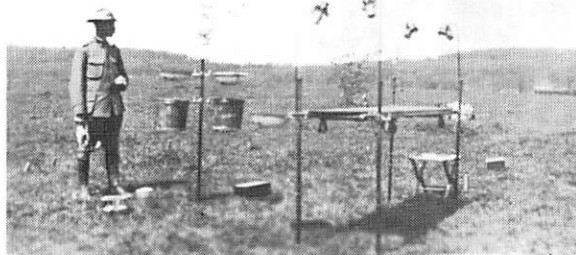
The target of the three raiders involved was the Calais National Bank. On the morning of July 16, 1864, they came riding into town on horseback. In St. Albans, because they caught everyone by surprise, the raiders needed but fifteen minutes to rob three banks. In Calais, the raiders were surprised, for on entering the bank they were greeted with shots fired by the bank officials. Outside, the sheriff and a posse stood ready to arrest the Confederates. Guarded by a contingent of the Home Guard to prevent a lynching, they were taken to the jail at Machias.

One of the prisoners, Francis Jones, was the son of a "good Union woman," who had pleaded with him to give up his work for the South. He requested to take the oath of allegiance to the United States and return home. But the request was denied.

In jail, Jones' air of good breeding impressed the sheriff, a more intelligent man than many a small town official. They played chess and had long discussions on such matters as crops, the weather, and the war. Finally, Jones decided to share his story with the sheriff. When the sheriff heard the plans to destroy the State of Maine, he believed that Jones was using a trick to secure his release. But as he listened to more and more detail, he began to waver in his disbelief. Calling in the town attorney, he had Jones tell his story again. Now convinced, the sheriff wrote to Secretary Seward in Washington, requesting that someone be sent to investigate. Seward conferred with Stanton, both of whom had daily reports of Confederate activity in Canada. Hardly able to believe their luck, they

Page 12 . . .

Civil War photographs were taken by Dr. Bial F. Bradbury of Norway, Maine and are part of the collection of Norway Memorial Library. On the previous page, soldiers in a firing line. On this page, primitive surgery set-up of Civil War M.A.S.H.



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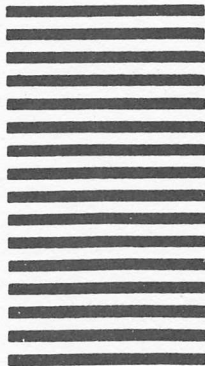
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GEORGE HENRY JONES

Survivor of the Grand Army of the Republic

Feb. 2, 1849 - Aug. 19, 1946

by Jay S. Hoar

Most widely known of all Maine's last surviving Civil War men, George H. Jones was among his state's final three. George was a product of northern New England, for his father, Orrin, a native of Derby, Vermont, had married on Sept. 26, 1838, Phoebe Garcelon, a native of Durham, Maine. Who in the Oxford, Maine, of 1850 could have guessed that one of this couple's six children would be elected ninety-three years later to a highest national office—the Commander-in-Chiefship of the Grand Army of the Republic?

Born in this small mill town of western Maine, George spent his childhood in play with his older brother and sisters, getting a sturdy upbringing while attending the one-room village school. He could while away those carefree summer days fishing and swimming in Lake Thompson or in the sandy-bottomed Crooked River, or in the then pollution-free Little Androscoggin.

George tried to enlist at the age of fourteen but was rejected. After his great disappointment at not being accepted and being ambitious to contribute to his support, he went fifteen miles away to Lewiston, where he worked in the Bates Woolen Mill. Later he learned of news that would free him from long working hours.

Lt. Almon Crooker, a fellow townsman, had been sent home to recruit a company of soldiers. Bodacious George, now a miraculous eighteen, enlisted with his brother, James, on April 7, 1865. His description at this time: a wool carder, blue eyes, black hair, and 5'11" (of his eventual 6'1"). Four days later, after a big sendoff



1943 photograph of the Commander-in-Chief, Grand Army of the Republic.

from their townspeople, the boys mustered in with the 27th Company of Unassigned Infantry at Augusta, one of thirty such companies raised by Maine in 1865. Sylvia J. Sherman, Director, Maine State Archives Services, wrote the very brief (but complete) history of this unit, taken from the 1866 Annual Report of the Adjutant General, p. 179:

The 27th, Capt. Samuel C. Wardwell. The men enlisted for this company were all sworn into the U.S. service by either Provost Marshals or regularly appointed Mustering Officers. They were never mustered into company

organization from the fact that recruiting was stopped before the maximum number of men was presented. They were discharged May 13th, 1865, at Augusta, Me., in accordance with special instructions from War Department, dated April 30th, 1865.

When one of their colonels at Camp Keyes learned that several Oxford boys were members of a band, he arranged to have their instruments purchased and organized a band, with James Jones the leader. George played alto horn and A. L. Faunce, bass.

Pvt. Jones, who never left Augusta, Maine during his thirty-two-day military career, spent much of this long month playing his alto horn while decked out in a flashy bandsman's uniform.

Marion Starbird Pottle, 84, of "High Fields" farmstead in Oxford, Maine, a grandniece of George H. Jones, will have the uniform: the Prussian-style helmet (cushioned in April, 1945 newspapers), the trousers with two-inch-wide blue and gold stripes their entire length, and the jacket, also in fine condition with no moth holes, sporting a wide double row of gold buttons. Marion—wife of Frederick A. Pottle, 84, retired Professor Emeritus (1966) of English (Yale), longtime Chairman of the Editorial Committee for the James Boswell Papers,*—kindly shared these details:

I knew George H. Jones—knew him well—until 1914 when I went off to Colby College. I wasn't living here after that... George Jones married Charlotte Augusta ("Aunt Gustie") Chadbourn in 1873. She was the daughter of Samuel H.

Chadbourne, who in 1832 married Charlotte T. Washburn, daughter of Ephraim Washburn. Samuel was in Co. H, of the 14th Maine, but died in a hospital at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Nov. 30, 1863.

In 1865, George Jones followed in his father Orrin's footsteps, working in the old Jones Mill, Oxford's first woolen mill. George became a mill overseer. When our town's only druggist drowned in 1871, George bought and learned the apothecary business. "Aunt Gustie" took in boarders up over the drugstore and served them meals there. Today this building is a general grocery store called "The Village Green." She was a homemaker, a great cook—always had a fabulous table. She and George dispensed hospitality freely. No home had more social gatherings. Aunt Gustie was a hard worker in the Methodist Sunday School, where Uncle George sang for years in the choir. Gustie proudly wore the white ribbon of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. She sponsored a Chautauqua Circle here. She wanted women to have the ballot and regretted she couldn't live to vote Republican.

The Joneses lived up over their store. They had no children of their own but did raise a boy—Dick Pye—and trained him in pharmacy. At recess and noon-time we children got sodas at his fountain. He poured syrup in our glasses and filled them up with fizzy-bubbles (pressurized CO₂).

Like Josiah Cass of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, his state's next-to-last Boy in Blue, Jones spent a lifetime in pharmacy. Before he retired (in 1936) from compounding medicines nearly sixty-five years, he was Maine's oldest active druggist. During some of these years he was Oxford Town Treasurer and for fifty-four years he sang tenor in the Methodist Choir.

From a Nov. 1, 1980, conversation with Albert "Red" Ellsworth, who lives "just down the Otisfield Road" beyond the Pottles, the writer learned of life and doings in and about Jones' Drug Store— Well, yes, I should say I knew him. I have a picture of him with Wilfred K. Perkins, Spanish American War; William Coolidge, World War I, and James Kane,

Otis Howe, and Kelsey Young of World War II. Yes, he had a boat. Inboard motor. Used to fish for togue and salmon on Lake Thompson. 125 feet deep in places. Used smelts for bait. He was a watch repairer. Took daily walks with his Cocker Spaniel "Dixie." Raced horses up to the Norway Fair. Generally, had a good trotting horse.

He sold ice cream he made right there at his store. Had a beautiful soda fountain. Had this nymph statue inside glass sitting up front on the counter which ran along the north wall. Yes, he housed the Freeland Holmes Library, a collection given the town so it 'ould have a library...housed it for years in his back room. Books all



George Jones' Gettysburg Diamond Battle Reunion Medal (1938) was presented to Jay Hoar by Marion Starbird, Chief Jones' grandniece.

covered with brown paper. You left your name if you took a book. It was that way to about 1915. Kate Houghton Starbird—she was the one who raised money and got a library built. Was herself the librarian. My earliest memory of Mr. Jones was how they'd play "High, Low, Jack" in his back storage room off the drugstore. They'd start along about 6:00 p.m. or when the woolen mill got out. Ayuh, there was Jones and Ben Flood and "Lawyer" Hazen and Joe Robinson, the mill owner. Played until 8:00 or 8:30 p.m. It was a regular scene right out of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Isaac and Archibald!" Then, too, a bunch of the World War I boys from the Sana-

torium on Allen's Hill would be out front shooting craps up against a cement abutment, gambling...until the sheriff came strolling by. Yes, I was in charge of the honor squad at Mr. Jones' last ceremonies.

Long a leader in G.A.R. circles, he rose to Maine Department Commander in 1940-41, having sold his drugstore in 1936 to Harry Fuller, who converted it to a grocery. Jones was one of Maine's fourteen Civil War men to attend the Diamond Battle Reunion at Gettysburg in 1938.** Upon the death of Maine Cmdr. George F. Stuart, 101, of Freeport, on May 27, 1946, Cmdr. Jones took the office which he held until his own demise. During 1942-45 he held other high positions in the Maine G.A.R.

On Sept. 24, 1943, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Maine's youngest Boy in Blue received his gavel as incoming National Commander-in-Chief from retiring Chief John S. Dumser of Oakland, California. One year later in Des Moines, Jones' address to his nineteen other comrades present mentioned typical situations he had faced as the national Chief:

As our encampment closed last September I had a heavy cold, and on Friday the doctors from the veterans' facility at Wood, Wisconsin, decided it was best for me to stay there, and oxygen was administered for a few days...Mrs. Grace N. Darling, Maine Dept. Secretary, and Melvin H. Stone, both of whom had accompanied me from Maine, stayed on to go home with me. Mrs. Darling began a search for an office for national headquarters. This was difficult because the many war activities had taken all available offices. Finally, an appeal to Gov. Sumner Sewall...brought an offer of two rooms in the adjutant general's building at Camp Keyes, Augusta, in which camp I and most of my Maine comrades were sworn into service during the Civil War. We accepted the offer of Adj. Gen. Carter.

Oct. 18. I was taken by American Legion members of Oxford to a Legion gathering in Lewiston at which their national commander from California was present, and we were photographed together, a veteran of the East greeting a veteran of the

West. Winter set in early this year and doctors deemed it best for me to leave where I had boarded several years and go to Togus Veterans Hospital, should there be any danger of pneumonia again. Here I was assigned a private room overlooking the park, and was most comfortable through a severe winter.

Apr. 9. With Melvin Stone, I went to Boston to attend the Massachusetts G.A.R. encampment Apr. 10-12. That afternoon I was taken to Cambridge to attend a memorial service for the S.U.V. On Tuesday... I was received by Gov. Saltonstall at the State House and Mayor Tobin at Boston City Hall, and visited all the conventions of the Allied Orders. I was a guest of Mayor Tobin at a luncheon in my honor at Hotel Bradford on April 11. I also attended the banquet and campfire of the W.R.C. and of the D.U.V. Three comrades were present at G.A.R. sessions.

Apr. 13. I went to Concord, New Hampshire, to their department meet. Two N.H. comrades went besides Past Cmdr.-in-Chief Gay.

Here I visited all conventions and spoke at the campfire. On Apr. 14, I returned to Togus.

May 24. I returned to Oxford, glad to see my old friends again. On May 30, I dedicated the Oxford Honor Roll in our Memorial Day exercises in the morning. Henry Towle, Past Commander, S.U.V., drove me to Portland, where I was honorary marshal of the parade and was driven by a WAC sergeant in a jeep.

May 31. I was rushed back to Togus in its ambulance and an emergency operation was performed. This prevented me from attending Maine's encampment in Augusta. However, on the morning of June 14, in my hospital room, I installed Comrade George Stuart as Maine Commander and Comrade John Palmer as Ass't. Adj.-General.

Chief Jones' final illness was marked by the same courage he had given to his administration of the Grand Army brotherhood. He took daily walks that last year at Togus even if sometimes only around his bed. Lone survivor of Oxford's T.A. Roberts Post 49, he was the only

Maine man ever to be national commander-in-chief. His death in August, 1946, came as a shock to his fourteen comrades who were meeting that week at Indianapolis for their 80th National Encampment. Beloved by all, he was laid to rest Aug. 21, 1946, with full military honors in Oxford's Pine Grove Cemetery, whose ground had been given the town by his own father, Orrin Jones.



Jay S. Hoar, associate professor of English at University of Maine in Farmington, researched this article as part of a book on the last of the "boys in blue and gray." He cites the following books for research: *Marquis Fayette King, Annals of Oxford, Maine 1896*, p. 162; *Journal of the 78th Nat'l Encampment, G.A.R., 1944*, pp. 47-49.

*Dr. Pottle, a Lovell, Maine native, has authored *The Idiom of Poetry* (1941), *Boswell's London Journal 1762-63* (1950), *Boswell in Holland* (1952), *James Boswell, The Earlier Years 1740-69* (1966). He is listed in *Who's Who in America*, Vol. II, 1976-77, p. 2524.



Lone Confederate Soldier Remains Buried in Maine

GRAY, MAINE — On a wind-swept hill ringed by rolling countryside is a graveyard, the resting place of 178 Union soldiers and one lonely Confederate, mistakenly shipped north from Virginia in a pine box 119 years ago.

The white marble headstone, flanked each Memorial Day by an American flag on the left and the Confederacy's Stars and Bars on the right, only tells part of the legend.

The large letters at the top of the tombstone spell out "Stranger." Beneath is a smaller inscription: "A Soldier of the Late War. Died in 1862. Erected by the Ladies of Gray."

It is a paean to the people of Gray, who gave the unknown soldier an honorable burial hoping that their sons—fighting on blood-soaked battlefields to hold the rebellious states in check—would be treated in kind if found dead on enemy turf.

The stranger's story, scarred by tears of tragedy and triumph, began with the death of Lt. Charles H. Colley, the 29-year-old son of Amos and Sarah Colley of Gray.

Colley dashed to join Federal forces when the war began and was placed in Company B of the 10th Maine Volunteers.

He was one of about 200 other soldiers from Gray, a tiny town of 1,500 people that sent proportionately more of its native sons to battle than any other Maine community.

Colley was wounded at the Battle of Cedar Mountain, Virginia—by most historians' accounts a minor skirmish in that war that killed 529,332 men (364,511 Union soldiers and 164,821 Confederates).

At Cedar Mountain Aug. 9, 1862, there were 3,500 casualties.

The Union forces battled against heavy odds. Twenty thousand Rebels led by Gen. Stonewall Jackson, under Robert E. Lee's orders to thwart the Yankee advance on Richmond, attacked an 8,000-man corps commanded by Nathaniel P. Banks.

To Jackson's consternation, Banks' forces put up a tough fight. He had to withdraw and repeat the attack. By dusk, Banks and his men were routed, sustaining heavy losses.

Colley died Sept. 20, 1862, in an Alexandria hospital of wounds suffered at Cedar Mountain. His parents, notified by the War Department, sent money for their son's body to be shipped home. But the body that arrived was that of a Confederate Soldier, never identified.

Contributed by Leona Sloan, Norway, Maine.



... The Civil War

ordered Assistant Judge Advocate Turner to go to Machias to get Jones's confession. The written confession comes to 15 pages, in which Jones gave dates, places, and names. Some of the information disclosed where caches of guns and other war supplies were hidden in New York City, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and St. Louis. Some of the Henry rifles, later found in Brooklyn, had been stolen from the New York Quartermaster Corps stores.

Based upon information given by Jones, an order to investigators to go to Maine to check on Jones's information was given. Other agents were sent to investigate the caches of war goods in Northern cities. On learning of Jones's confession, the other raiders threatened to kill him. To prevent the murder, the sheriff took extra precautions to protect Jones.

Rumors from Montreal claimed that storming of the jail was being planned there. To protect Jones, a unit of Home Guards and troops from Portland surrounded the jail day and night. Others patrolled nearby roads constantly.

Meanwhile, reports filtering in from the field confirmed Jones's story in every detail. Judge Advocate General Holt summarized Jones's tale and his own findings. A feature of the report was the names and locations of numerous Southern agents, including one in Portland. Three Custom House officers were found to have been shipping munitions to the Confederates.

Holt ended his report with a recommendation that all suspects named in his report be arrested. Stanton's terse order read: "Arrest them all." Turner's investigators and Secret Service oper-

atives went after every important Rebel operator in New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, Indianapolis, Portland, and Boston. Many arrests were made, and the caches of munitions confiscated. Detailed plans of Federal buildings, shipping centers, prison camps, and arsenals which the Confederates had slated for destruction were found.

Of those arrested and convicted, none was hanged, despite overwhelming evidence of treason. Most were sent either to Fort Lafayette or the Dry Tortugas for long terms at hard labor. Because of Jones's confession, the "piratical expedition," as it was called in Federal reports, against Maine did not take place.

History is silent on the fate of Jones and his two fellow raiders. Probably they were tried before a military tribunal. At least we know that, thanks to a Northerner turned honest and an intelligent sheriff, Maine was spared from the kind of raids which Generals Sherman and Sheridan led in the South.

Dr. Tacey is a professor emeritus of the University of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He has been a long-time summer resident of Waterford, Maine.



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letters to the editor

LAUGHING LOONS

I'm submitting a poem composed circa 1920 by my brother, Allan Fredin, and his chum Bob Howard, who used to camp on the Ebeeme chain of ponds before the road was built, circling it to Millinocket and Baxter State Park. It was deep-woods wild at that time and the two young men were carefree and imaginative. Allan left us in 1967, but Bob still visits his old home in Brownville, watches the loons swimming about, and hears their eerie call through the mists of early morning. He is in his '80's, still young in spirit...

Edna Bradeen
Mexico, Maine

Ebeeme Nights

A loup-cervier roamed in the glen;
The will-o-the-wisp glowed bright;
Indian devils crept out of their den,
To welcome the coming of night.

The tree-squeaks gibbered anew
In the cold of the bosky dell;
The hob-goblins fearfully flew,
As the gibbous moon cast its spell.

The south wind soughed through the
pines;
A loon laughed in crazy delight;
Dusky braves paddled phantom
canoes,
And an owl bade Ebeeme, "Good
night."

Allan Fredin and Bob Howard
circa 1920

Ed. Note: See A Sportsman's Diary for more on Baxter State Park.

IN THE NORTH WOODS

I enjoyed your story in last month's *BitterSweet* (Jan.-Feb.) a lot. I used to play up around Sheep Tick Falls in North Hartford when I was a girl. I never knew the boys you mentioned (Thomas). They were before my time.

It was very interesting about their trip up north.

Mrs. Harry Chadburn
Greene, Maine

GEORGE ROBLEY HOWE

Mrs. W. Wilton Warren wrote us from Brownfield that the "old man Warren" spoken of in the July article was her father-in-law; and that the Warren family still owns the property

on which Howe discovered the famous royal amethyst. It is listed in mineral guides as "Howe's Mine" or "Warren's Quarry."

We somehow omitted mention of Howe's schooling in that article. A graduate of Norway Liberal Institute, George R. Howe finished Tufts University in only three years.

Also: Correction. The illustration with Robert Johnson's short story "The Magic Hat" in the March, 1984 issue of *BitterSweet* was by Marie Boyle of Concord, N.H., not by the author.

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APRIL FOOL

Did you find the rest of the Dr. Cyrus Hamlin article in the April issue? It was on page 30, not page 20 as printed!

BitterSweet's Third Annual Young People's WRITING CONTEST



Deadline: June 15, 1984

Age Limits: 15-19

High School Students Only

Specifications:

Short stories must be 600 words or less.

Poems should not exceed 30 lines.

Students should live or attend school in New England.

All material shall be typed on an 8½x11" paper. Do not send originals, as we cannot return them. Clearly mark writer's name, age, address and school.

Anyone is welcome to submit student's work. We especially welcome selected work from teachers.

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Young People's Writing Contest

I Wish

I wish

I was as light as air,
I could sit on a cloud, no worry or
care.
I could blow with the wind,
And fall like the leaves,
Or float with the dust of a summer
breeze.

*Kristen Keil, Age 13
Naples, Maine*

Affection

A love between two
Which is known by few
Romance in full flight
Like a star-filled night.

*Craig Dougherty
Woodville, Florida*

The poems above are samples of what young people can and do write. You must know a young person who writes well—prose, poetry or fiction. Encourage him or her to submit articles or poetry to *BitterSweet's Third Annual Writing Contest*. See elsewhere in this issue for details.

The winner will be published in *BitterSweet's* September issue. Deadline is June 15.

Goings On

Exhibits

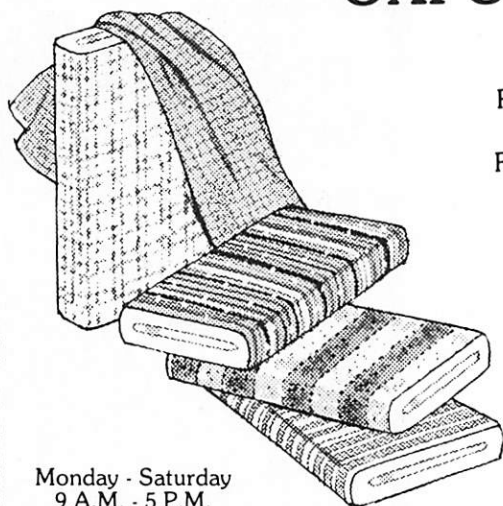
Hupper Gallery, Hebron Academy: through May 4th, Photographs by Skip Churchill & Cleve Bachelder. May 11-June 1, Festival '84—Student celebration of the arts including music, dance, theatre and art. Festivities Fri. May 11, 1:00 p.m. Gallery hrs. 9-3 Mon.-Fri., 7:30-9:30 p.m. Sun.-Thurs. when school is in session.

Joan Whitney Payson Gallery of Art, Westbrook College, Portland, Me.: Beginning April 14 Richard Baron: Works on Paper, Sighs & Whispers.

University of Maine at Augusta: May 29-July 13, Clay and paper collages by Lynn Duryea of Deer Isle, Me. Learning Resources Ctr., U.M.A. Phone 622-7131, ext. 222 for hours.

Barridoff Galleries, 242 Middle St., Portland; April 2-May 12, George Albert Wood, 1845-1910, paintings from the estate of the artist.

OXFORD MILL-END STORE

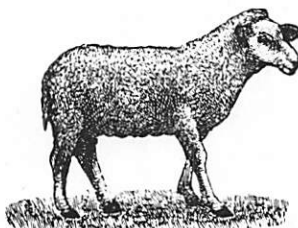


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Separations

Fiction by David Reichenbacher

Seagulls. Dan Sutherland heard his mother and her new lover Jim D'Angelo talking in the next room where they slept, her thin voice and his deep voice. Jim's dark curls with a touch of gray put him somewhere between Dan and his mother in age. Real Estate, his mother had said, or something like that.

Someone was making coffee in the kitchen, probably Bill. He had slept on the living room couch. Somewhere windows were open and the breeze through the house was warm. Summer on the coast.

Julie stirred next to him, pulled the sheet up to her neck and settled into sleep again. This morning they would scatter his father's ashes on the water. Dan had suggested this, his mother and Bill went along with it, and Julie didn't want to participate in it or even discuss it much. The idea of cremation made her uncomfortable, but Dan should do what he felt he had to do, she said. She would stay home with Jim, who was now apparently spending every weekend in Rockport. Mom had informed Jim of the plans, but when he convinced her he'd like to come anyway, she had said it would be O.K., that she didn't think her sons would mind. Now Jim was here, and Dan's mother hadn't asked Dan or Bill if they objected. They would just scatter the ashes and Jim would stay home or something. Dan wondered who the hell Jim was to come into their lives like this and make demands, especially on this weekend. Dan did object.

Dan's brother Bill had driven up all the way from Virginia. Maybe it bothered him, too, that Jim was here. Dan thought of his youngest brother, Jack, in California and wondered if he even knew about this weekend. He would make sure they phoned Jack at least.

The gold foil-covered box containing his father's ashes was in the hall closet, tucked away on the shelf behind the umbrellas. Mom hadn't

known where else to put it. At Christmas time Dan had made sure it was there and was shocked at how heavy it was, like sand. The label read, "The cremated remains of Steven Sutherland." He had opened it carefully to find a clear plastic liner filled with powdery ashes. Dan examined the chunks, perhaps bone or wood, then read the label again to make sure. He mustn't forget a knife to slit open the plastic. It had to go smoothly, respectfully, without flaws.

Dan looked at the unfamiliar dresser. His father's books and radio had been replaced with his mother's collection of cherub Hummel figures. There had been also a few snapshots of smiling war buddies aboard ship, their arms draped over each other's shoulders, and the picture of Dad on the running board of their first car, holding Dan as a baby. They were gone. Now the sunlight shone on the tiny Hummel figures. His father's bedroom had become the guest room, because Mom had always wanted a guest room.

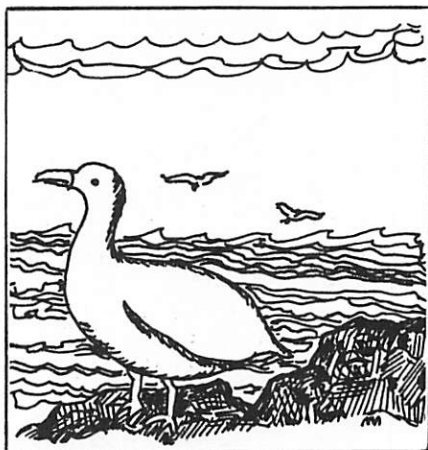
Julie was sleeping next to him, breathing softly. Just one year ago they had slept in this same room when they had come up from Boston for the funeral. They had stayed two nights, and Dan remembered Julie comforting him as he cried in bed that

first night, because they had to sleep in this bed and the smell of his father's body and cigarettes was still in the mattress and pillow, the smell his mother had said was the reason she had wanted separate bedrooms. Dan knew it was because at that point in their marriage they were no longer making love. How fitting, Dan thought. Now there was no trace of his father in this room. No scent, no engineering books, no country-western music.

Dan remembered Julie comforting him when his mother had called to tell them his father had died. Julie, taking the phone and hanging up for him, holding him tight, whispering, "Oh, my God," against his hair.

Dan slipped into his jeans, t-shirt and sandals and at the door glanced at Julie. She hadn't moved. Even though her eyes were shut, he knew she was aware of his leaving. She was letting him leave quietly.

Mom met him in the hall in a light summer nightie. "Good morning, Dan," she said, as she held his arm and kissed him lightly on the lips, then disappeared into the bathroom. She always held his arm, as if to keep the distance between them and yet for years whenever he visited, it seemed she always changed her clothes with the door open or would talk to him in her underwear, or after swimming in the ocean she would come into the bathroom while he was there, take off her bathing suit and hop into the shower, chattering away the whole time. His father had never said anything about her display, but at times Dan could sense his embarrassment. Jim had disapproved, however, by snapping "perverted" at her one time. With pride, so she had told Dan, she had put him in his place, pronouncing his jealousy inappropriate and she would behave as she wished in her children's presence. For thirty years she had felt free around her own house and she wasn't about to change because of him. Jim had withdrawn



to the den; sulking, Mom had called it. Maybe that's why Dan's father had never said anything, for fear she would label him jealous.

Dan wondered whether if he had had sisters, she would have felt as free to prance around the house nude.

"Hi." Bill leaned against the kitchen archway with his hands in his pockets, pulling his jeans down below his hairy stomach. As teenagers he had always made fun of Dan, who was older, yet had less hair on his chest. "I made some coffee. Want some?"

"Sure, that would be great."

Bill turned back into the kitchen and Dan sat down on the couch and called to Bill. "Still hairy as ever, huh, Bill?"

"Yeah." Bill chuckled. "And you?"

His mother coughed in the bathroom. "I'm still working on it," Dan said. In the bathroom the shower started to hiss and Dan heard his mother's voice as she sang a song Dan couldn't recognize.

The few times a year he and Bill got together, Dan never knew what to talk about, but Bill filled the voids, informing Dan about his work in Washington; and Dan would say, "Oh, really," or "I see," to keep the conversation going. Bill would smile occasionally, as if to listen for the echo of his own voice, the confirmation that he was successful. As much as Dan hated his monologues, they were less painful than the silence. "So, Bill, how's work at the Department of the Interior?"

Bill padded around the corner from the kitchen, smiling over two cups of coffee. "Good, really good. Did Mom tell you I was up for a promotion? That all depends if my supervisor gets transferred which might happen in the near future." He winked. "The very near future, as a matter of fact. And that means a good jump in pay. You know, maybe I'll think of getting married."

"Oh, really? Do you have someone in mind?"

"No, not really, I just meant I could afford to now. You see, there's an opening..."

Dan heard the shower stop. The bathroom door opened a crack and the hair dryer began to whir.

Dan asked, "Does Jack know what we're doing today?"

Bill looked at his coffee. "I don't know."

"Well, I think we should call him this afternoon."

"Yeah, good idea."

They paused. Dan said, "What do you think of Jim coming up here this weekend?"

Bill looked out the window. "I don't know. He seems like an all-right guy. Why, how do you feel?"

"I think he could've waited till next weekend. I mean, this was supposed to be *our* weekend. The last weekend, you know what I mean?"

Bill nodded.

"But I suppose as long as he doesn't go with us it'll be O.K. Just as long as he doesn't ask if *he* can dump the ashes." Dan looked up and noticed that Bill was looking out the window with watery eyes. "I'm sorry, Bill. I'm sorry."

They sat in silence, as Bill looked out the window. Seagulls.

Dan took the dirt road that led down to the rocks at Holly's Cove, his father's favorite spot. His father came here often, sometimes to fish but more often just to sit by the ocean. To smoke and relax with his transistor radio tuned to the country-western station out of Boston.

Sometimes early on a Sunday morning Dan and his father would come here with coffee and the newspapers to sit for a few hours not talking much. His father would smoke and watch the water, while Dan read, occasionally aloud. His father had liked the travel section.

It seemed fitting to Dan that he should be bringing his father down to Holly's Cove. It was a warm summer Sunday morning. Dan wished he'd come by himself, to be alone with his father one last time.

His mother held the foil box on her lap. "I wish your brother Jack was here," Mom said.

"He knows about today, doesn't he?" Dan asked.

She hesitated. "I wrote him."

"Well, I guess he's doing what he feels he can do," Dan said. "I'm glad he's in California."

"Why? Wouldn't you want him here today?"

"Not really, I guess. I'm sure he doesn't want to be here."

"That's the problem. He won't even talk about your father's death with me. Not at all. I try to talk to him on the phone, but you know how he is. So

uptight and protective with his feelings."

"What feelings?" Bill uttered from the back seat.

The road ended and Dan parked. Dan took the foil box from his mother. She said, "I suppose in a few years when life is back to normal, maybe he'll be back."

"I don't know," Dan said and thought of Jack, how he had left with the idea of starting over. His involvement here with drugs, then the arrest, then their father dying. "He probably needs time to get his own life straightened out."

Bill cleared his throat. "Yeah, I'm sure he's too busy to care. Now that he's gone and married that woman with her two kids. I mean, he hasn't even been home since the funeral."

"I think she's good for him. The kids, too," Dan said.

They went single-file on the path. Bill and his mother were silent. She walked ahead now, leading the way through the grass and down to the rocks. Dan listened to his brother's footsteps behind him, chafing the tall grass and rosehips. He had never been able to talk with Bill. When they were teenagers he had even felt a physical aversion to him, the way he smelled sometimes.

The gold box with the typed label seemed terribly heavy now, as Dan carried his father like an amputee to the water. Dan's eyes blurred with tears so he couldn't see. He had to stop and he heard himself utter, "Damn."

"Here, let me," Bill offered from behind him, but Dan wouldn't release the box.

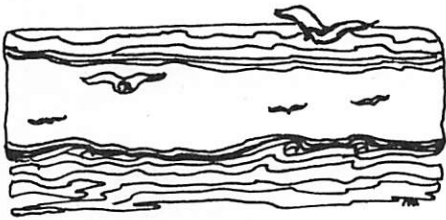
"Dan," his mother said gently. "We're all having a hard time. We have to stick together and help each other." She put her arm in his.

"I'll be all right." Dan looked up at the clouds. His hands sweated on the box. Then he thought of his father's transistor radio and chuckled.

"What's so funny?" Bill asked, sounding irritated.

"I was just thinking. I should have brought his radio. It would have been a nice touch." Bill looked perplexed, and it occurred to Dan that maybe only he had shared Dad's country-western mornings with him on the rocks.

"Come on," his mother said, "let's go down to the water. The tide is right."



They stood on the rocks and looked out at the swells, shimmering in the rising sun. Some fishing trawlers appeared in the distance from behind Land's End, pushing out to sea, their motors softly chugging.

"Well, are you ready?"

Bill and Mom nodded. Dan climbed down to the rock close to the swells. He set the box down and opened the lid. He would have to get down close to the water, he thought, the breeze might blow the ashes all over, and it had to go smoothly. Now it was his final duty, the oldest son, to take care of his father.

Dan forgot about his mother and brother Bill behind him. He knelt reverently on the granite rock, sharp on his knees, and cut open the liner with his knife. Then he lay on his stomach, hanging over the edge of the rock so he could reach the water. Seagulls called above.

The water was loud between the rocks, and his chest ached from the cold water on the rock, as he lowered the box slowly til it almost touched the tip of the swells. More seagulls.

Dan stared into the deep green water below, cold and clear. He pictured himself slipping under the surface, sliding gently down the shelf, still holding the box, carrying his father, floating out to sea. Then he tipped the box and watched the ashes slide out into the water, dissolving in a milky cloud. Most of them sank; some floated, riding the waves. He held the box, but the liner loosened and plopped into the water. Dan tried to remain calm and reached for the bag, wondering if Bill and Mom were watching, but the bag receded. It bobbed like a jellyfish. A seagull swooped down, plummeting at the bag, but a large swell brought it up. He caught it and rinsed it out quickly with sea water. The seagull flew off, and Dan folded the empty bag safely in the box.

The water became clear again. The ashes were absorbed. It was done.

He turned to his mother and Bill. His mother's face contorted, and for the first time Dan could remember in

years, she cried. She fumbled for Dan, then Bill, putting her arms around them, pulling them to her awkwardly. Then Dan felt Bill's arms around them both. Finally his mother let go and took a deep breath. "Your Dad would have wanted this. He was always happiest where he is now."

Dan looked at the rock. A wave rose up and burst into the air, glittering in the sun.

On the way back to his mother's house they stopped and bought a dozen doughnuts, but when they arrived home, Julie had already set the table and was ready to cook eggs, bacon and toast. Orange juice was on the table.

"How are you?" Julie asked Dan when they were alone in the kitchen. She kissed him.

"O.K., O.K. It was really good of you to make breakfast."

"It was the least I could do since I didn't go."

He watched her as she separated the bacon strips and felt lucky to have her as a companion. "Is Jim up?"

"He drove to the store to get the paper."

"Drove? It's just down the hill." Dan chuckled.

"He left half an hour ago. I don't think he felt comfortable with me. He was polite and everything, but he seemed nervous."

"He was probably worried that he'd try to seduce you. Or you him!"

She motioned him to talk softly. "No, I think he felt strange about this morning, what you guys were doing."

"He claimed it was O.K. He wouldn't mind being here. Mom told him he could come. He could have stayed away."

Julie came over and touched Dan on the shoulder. "You know, Dan, I think maybe he felt that way, too." She looked at Dan and smiled.

Now Dan pictured his father, the last time he saw him, next to the charcoal grill with the spatula, calling to Bill to come and eat the last hamburger or he'd give it to the dog. His father was standing in the sun that summer afternoon with his chef's apron on, turning to Dan, smiling.

David Reichenbacher is a publisher with his own Downstairs Press in Otisfield, Maine. He has written for The Gloucester Magazine, Kennebec and Soundings/East.

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*Sukanya,
dancer of the
classical dances
of India, at home
on Orrs Island, Maine.*

Sukanya — The Best of Two Worlds

The pine-clad, rocky coast of Maine may seem an unlikely spot for one of the world's most outstanding performers of the ancient Hindu temple dance to transplant her roots; yet, for several years Sukanya Wicks has resided with her American husband and two sons in a secluded section of Orr's Island near Brunswick, Maine. She is one of the very few Indian dancers in the world who make a living solely through dancing. What has most amazed her is the number of performances she is now giving in Maine alone. "I have just been performing in Maine nonstop," she says, "which I find thoroughly shocking."

Sukanya is the youngest of an internationally famous family of traditional Indian dancers. Sukanya's grandmother, known to the dance world as Ragini Devi, was born Esther Sherman in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She met and married an Indian student at the University of Minnesota, and later she journeyed alone to South India where she became the first woman ever to perform the ancient and intricate Kathakali dance based on the epics in the *Ramayana*. Sukanya's mother, Indrani, who became the first Indian dancer to perform in the Soviet Union and the Peoples' Republic of China, was born in Madras

Sukanya was born in Calcutta, but her father, Habib Rahman, soon moved the family to Delhi where he served as Chief Architect for the Indian Government. Most of Sukanya's school years were spent in Simla, located in the foothills of the lofty Himalayas. Later she journeyed to Paris where she studied painting at *Ecole de Beaux Arts*.

Following in the footsteps of her illustrious grandmother and mother, however, was Sukanya's true *dharma* (fate). "I was always studying dancing," she recalls. "I began my formal classes at the age of six, but before that my grandmother taught me."



Sukanya and son Habib at their home on Orrs Island

In addition to the excellent training and supervision from Ragini Devi and Indrani, Sukanya studied under the renowned ustads (masters) Guru Kitappa Pillai and Deva Prasad, and other gurus, each a master of a particular style of classical dance. Not only did she master *Bharata Natyam* (based on Bharata's *Natyasastra*, a textbook written during the early Christian era which combines music,

art, and dancing) but she added to her repertoire such styles as *Odissi* and *Kuchipudi*.

Sukanya's favorite guru, however, continues to be her mother. When asked if she thought she had surpassed her mother, sixteen years her senior, her immediate response was: "Certainly not! One can never be better than one's guru."

Indrani and daughter Sukanya



Sukanya also developed an interest in the modern American dance, and in 1968 she came to the United States to study with the renowned Martha Graham.

"I saw her company in India," Sukanya explains. "She came with a big troop from America. It was different than anything I had ever seen in India."

Sukanya enjoyed modern dancing and found it to be excellent training, especially under the tutelage of Martha Graham with whom she felt a sort of kindred spirit.

"Martha Graham," says Sukanya, "really has a lot of roots in the Indian dance. Her beginnings were in the company of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, both of whom were very much influenced by Eastern dancing."

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn and their dance company are known the world over as the Denis Shawn Dancers. It was they who started Jacob's Pillow, an annual summer dance festival held in Lee, Massachusetts, that attracts leading dance performers from all over the world. Sukanya's mother was a performer and teacher there, and later Sukanya and Indrani appeared several times to give performances.

Sukanya chose to continue dedicating herself to the classical dance rather than perform as a modern dancer. Besides keeping a family tradition alive, the contributions she has made to the classical Indian dance undoubtedly far exceed any she could have made to the modern dance world. Nevertheless, she feels that her training in modern dancing was invaluable. She is also an admirer of tap dancing performed by the really great masters. "I wouldn't pretend to do anything like that, but I love it! Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire," she exclaims with much enthusiasm, "are two of my most favorite dancers in the world!"

In 1971 Sukanya married Frank Wicks, an American, who graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. He was involved in opera as a manager for many years and later, he traveled with Ravi Shankar, well-known sitar player. Frank met George Harrison of The Beatles, who was studying the sitar under Ravi Shankar and went to Woodstock with Harrison. "Those were exciting times!" Sukanya explains.



When Indrani and Sukanya came to America to perform together, Frank Wicks was Indrani's manager. It was behind stage at Hunter College in New York during a performance that Sukanya and Frank met for the first time.

Since their marriage Frank has acted almost exclusively as Sukanya's manager as well as husband and father of their two sons—Habib, age 11, and Wardreath, age 7. On rare occasions, however, he will become involved with managing the tour of some other group such as the Actor Theatre of Louisville. Recently he accompanied that group to Australia.

"Both Frank and I are just wild about traveling. If someone asked us to go to Timbuktu tomorrow, we would drop everything and go," she said.

Sukanya is very excited about a recent invitation extended to her and Indrani to tour and perform in the People's Republic of China.

"The stars are auspicious!" she exclaimed following a telephone call from her mother in New York. "I have always dreamed of traveling to China. Mother has been there many times, but I never got to go. Now it seems my dream is about to come true."

Not only was Indrani the first Indian dancer to perform in the People's Republic of China, but also she enjoyed performing to an elite audience which included Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, and Ho Chi Minh.

Frank had been coming to Maine prior to their marriage. For a while he worked for Victoria Crandall at the Music Theatre in Brunswick. Soon after their marriage, Sukanya came up to teach a year at a dance school in Bar Harbor.

"We would keep coming here summers and staying longer and longer. We would hate going back to New York to our apartment."

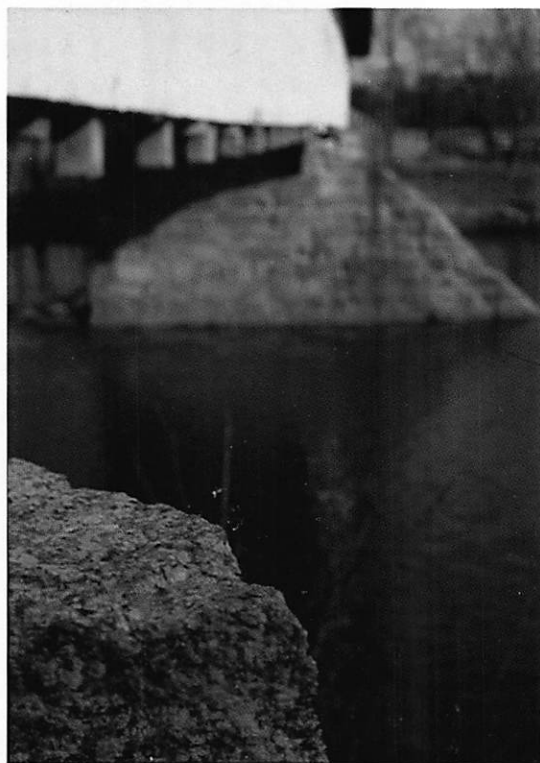
In 1973 the Wicks purchased a summer cottage at Orr's Island. At that time they had no intention of spending winters in Maine, but they later converted the cottage into a year-round home and have spent several winters here. When the cold winter winds begin to blow, however, Sukanya prefers a warmer climate. About every three years she returns to India

Page 42 . . .

"The bridge was ingrained in our children . . . Its destruction was like a death in the family."

—Mrs. David Nichols

Photography by Thomas J. Marcotte



**The Eastman-Smith Covered Bridge
1845-1975**



The bridge spanned the Saco River for 130 years

The Eastman-Smith Covered Bridge

by Jack C. Barnes

Two huge gray granite abutments and a pier stand like sentinels above the Saco River waters between the Maine Central Railroad bridge of the White Mt. Line and a new steel bridge on Route 302 into North Conway, New Hampshire. They are all that remain of a once-beautiful covered bridge which stood for one hundred and thirty years as a testimonial to the craftsmanship of New England covered bridge builders.

The stones remain as grim reminders that our society is plagued by a few who take pleasure in destroying creative work. Such was the case in the early hours of July 5, 1975, when a

group of young adults put the torch to one of the landmarks of the White Mountain area. Within moments the Redstone covered bridge became an inferno; fire fighters stood helplessly by and watched its flaming beams and planks crash into the river below.

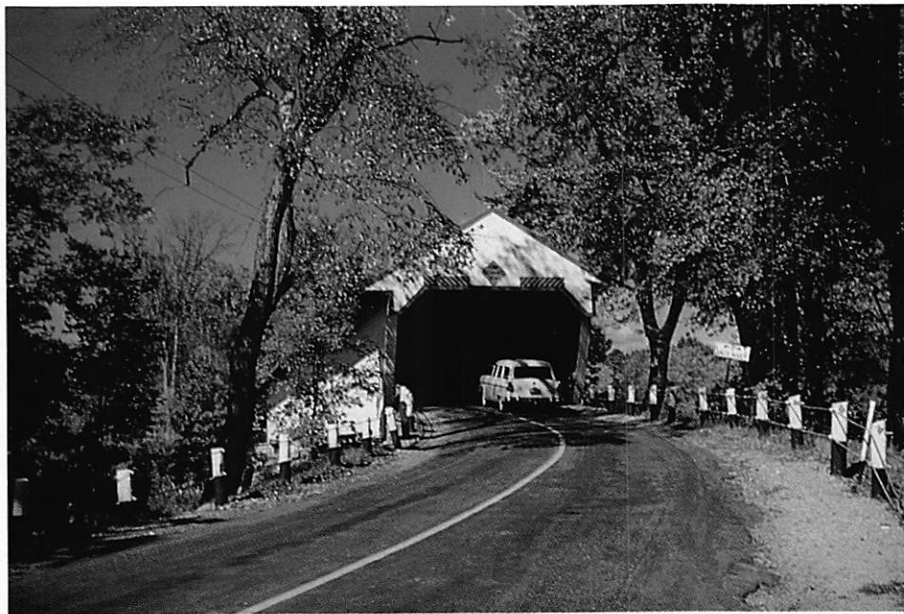
"It was as though one of our loved ones had been murdered," lamented Mrs. David Nichols, whose husband and children are direct descendants of the original owners of the bridge.

The decision to build the bridge at Odell's Ford to link Center Conway with Redstone was made by Judge Joel Eastman and John Smith. "Uncle Johnny" Smith, as he was called by

his friends, was a prominent entrepreneur who ran a stage coach line in the area. He owned the land on the Redstone side of the Saco and held a two-thirds interest in the bridge. The other partner, Joel Eastman, for many years a Probate Judge of Carroll County, owned the large Currier-and-Ives-style farm presently owned and operated by his descendent, David Nichols.

Eventually, the two private investors in Smith's (or Joel's) Covered Bridge sold their respective interests to the town of Conway.

The original bond to build the three-hundred-foot span was signed by one



Peter Paddleford on May 27, 1845. It was to be built "after the manner of the bridge at Weston's in Fryeburge" and Paddleford gave a five-year guarantee that the bridge would endure or "forfeit two thousand dollars." Seth Dearborn of Biddeford, Maine, was engaged to lay the stone foundation and pier. He signed a three-thousand-dollar bond, also guaranteeing that his work would "withstand the buffeting by water and ice" for five years.

Seth Dearborn's stonework will very likely withstand the buffeting by water and ice for centuries to come. But the beams, planks, shingles and trunnels which Peter Paddleford supervised during construction are gone. The total original cost of the bridge was \$2,200—a small sum by today's standards, but astronomical in the days when a man received sixty-seven cents a day for digging a hole and up to one dollar for work in the water.



Photography this page by Jack Barnes. Bottom: the Eastman home, where the David Nichols family lives today.

Dearborn and Paddleford were honest men, who took great pride in their workmanship and who pocketed not a penny in excess of what was due them.

The coming of the automobile and the logging truck proved to be detrimental to covered bridges. A wagon heaped with two tons of hay was a maximum load in 1845, and provided little stress or strain to such well-constructed bridges as Paddleford's. Even the thunder and clatter of a horsedrawn carriage driven at breakneck speed (and with disregard for the stiff fine if apprehended) taxed the bridge but little compared to what it would be forced to withstand in the modern era.

In the summer of 1933, eighty-three years after the bridge was constructed, the town of Conway had to raise three thousand dollars to repair and strengthen the bridge in order to better equip it to meet the heavier demands of twentieth century traffic.

It was inevitable, however, that as trucks became larger and heavier, and traffic between Center Conway and North Conway rapidly increased, a new bridge and route would have to be constructed. When the new route was completed in the 1960's, the old bridge was set aside as an historical landmark to enjoy a well-deserved retirement. Unfortunately, its retirement was all too brief.

It seems sad that the generations to come will never have an opportunity to know and appreciate such a marvellous piece of old-time craftsmanship. But for those who fondly remember the ancient structure, the burden of sorrow is heaviest. As Mrs. David Nichols explains, "The bridge was ingrained in our children. It was as much a part of their lives as the farm. To all of us its destruction was like a death in the family."

The author wishes to express his sincere gratitude to Carrie L. Gleason, librarian at the North Conway Public Library, for her valuable assistance in providing the materials necessary for the writing of this article.

Homemade

BOSTON BAKED BEANS WERE NEVER LIKE THIS!

by Beatrice H. Comas

If you're inflexible about changing the Saturday night baked bean ritual, you will probably accept no substitutes, particularly beans every-which-way from a can, "gussied" up with meat, fruit and spice.

We who are partial to traditional baked beans cooked for hours in the family bean pot may never be wholly converted but even the most adamant Boston-baked-bean-buff must admit there are occasions when a can or two of baked beans on the pantry shelf won't come amiss. When a quick, hot, satisfying meal is a "must," be creative with canned beans. The results may please and surprise you.

If the bean recipe does not contain meat, serve sausage, frankfurters or sliced meats with the beans. Serve them with heated canned brownbread, corn bread or muffins made from a mix, brown-and-serve rolls, or a loaf of garlic or herbed bread. Homemade or deli cole slaw would provide contrast and crunch.

In writing of American foods, *Mark Twain* listed a favorite of Boston Beans 'n Bacon. Here's a quick version:

Speedy Boston Beans 'n Bacon

1/2 pound bacon,
cut into 1-inch pieces
3 1-pound cans baked beans in
molasses sauce
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 tablespoon molasses
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
Cook bacon in skillet until crisp.
Add remaining ingredients. Cook 15
minutes. Serves 6.

Swedish Bean Bake

2 16-ounce cans baked beans
1 large apple, peeled and chopped
1/4 cup raisins
1 small onion, chopped
3/4 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup sweet pickle relish
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
3/4 cup ketchup
4 strips bacon, fried, drained
and crumbled

Mix all ingredients and pour into a
large casserole. Bake at 250°F. for
1 1/2 hours, or at 300°F. for 1 hour.

Peachy-Keen Bean Bake

2 1-pound cans pork and beans
with tomato sauce
1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1/8 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 1-pound can peach halves, drained
(or apricots)
Toasted slivered almonds
Melted butter or margarine

In 1 1/2-quart casserole, combine
beans, lemon rind and cinnamon. Top
with peaches arranged cut-side up.
Sprinkle almonds on peaches. Brush
with butter. Bake at 350°F. for 30
minutes or until hot. Serves 4 to 6.

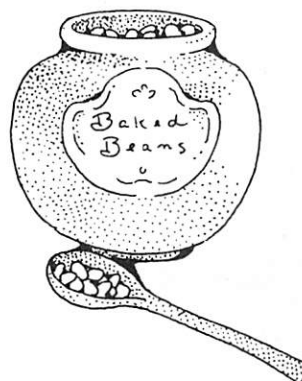
Barbecued Beans for Two

1 7-ounce can luncheon meat
1 16-ounce can pork and beans
in molasses sauce
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons ketchup
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
Onion slices
Lemon slices
Cut luncheon meat into three slices.
Pour baked beans into small baking
dish. Mix brown sugar, ketchup and
mustard. Spread some of the mixture

onto the meat and stir remaining into
the beans. Arrange meat slices atop
beans in baking dish. With wooden
toothpick, attach 1 thin slice of onion
and 1 thin slice of lemon to each meat
slice. Bake at 375°F. for 35 to 40 min-
utes or till hot. Serves 2.

Mexican Beanbake

1 1-pound package frankfurters
1 1-pound can pork and beans
1/2 cup tomato sauce
1/2 teaspoon chili powder
Few drops liquid hot pepper sauce
3/4 cup crushed corn chips (optional)
1/2 cup dairy sour cream (optional)
Preheat oven to 350°F. Cut frank-
furters into thin slices. Combine with
pork and beans, tomato sauce, chili
powder and hot pepper sauce. Turn
into 1 1/2-quart casserole. Bake 25 or
30 minutes, or till heated through.
Top each serving with a sprinkling of
corn chips and a spoonful of sour
cream, if desired. Serves 4 to 5.



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Dilled Baked Beans 'N Ham

1 cup ham, cut in thin 1-inch strips
1/4 cup sliced onion
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 1-pound can pork and beans
1/4 cup chopped cucumber
2 teaspoons fresh chopped dill

Brown ham and cook onion in butter until tender. Add remaining ingredients. Heat, stirring occasionally. Serves 2 to 3.

Big Bash Bourbon Baked Beans

5 1-pound cans New England style baked pea beans

1/4 cup strong coffee
1/4 cup bourbon or rum
1/2 cup brown sugar (optional)
1/2 cup chopped onion (optional)

Pour beans into a large casserole. Add the coffee and liquor, and the optional ingredients, if desired. Mix well. Let stand for a few hours or overnight. Bake at 300°F. for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Serve with Italian sausage and crusty bread. Serves 12.

Beatrice Comas lives in South Portland. See next month's BitterSweet for her recipes using sunflower seeds.



NOTHIN'S SACRED

George staved in his wall
Said my neighbor on the phone
The boy he started after breakfast
Tossing smaller stone
George used the truck
And bar and chain
To tear the rest away.
He took them big ones up for cash
And let the others lay.
Twenty feet he took, twenty feet
Ruined his house
That's what he done
A thousand dollars gone.
I'll tell him he's a fool
And I'll not be alone
Nothin's sacred, sighed my neighbor
Hanging up the phone.

Anne Scott-Woodson
Deer Run Farm
Kezar Falls, Maine



THE OLD TWOMBLY FARM

On a rural road, in Belgrade Maine,
In the midst of memory and charm,
Stands an old white farmhouse,
Called the 'Old Twombly Farm.'

As you pull in the driveway,
And go to the door,
Some things seem the same,
As they did years before.

You meet on the porch,
And when you go in,
As usual the Parlor's
As neat as a pin.

Arrie Twombly's still remembered
For her hospitality,
But the little Folks that used to sit,
Upon her husband's knee.

Have all grown up and left the state;
And once they've moved away,
Their memories of days gone by,
Grow dearer by the day.

So, back to the 'Old Twombly
Farm' they all come,
Their cars filled with family,
Old friends and the young.

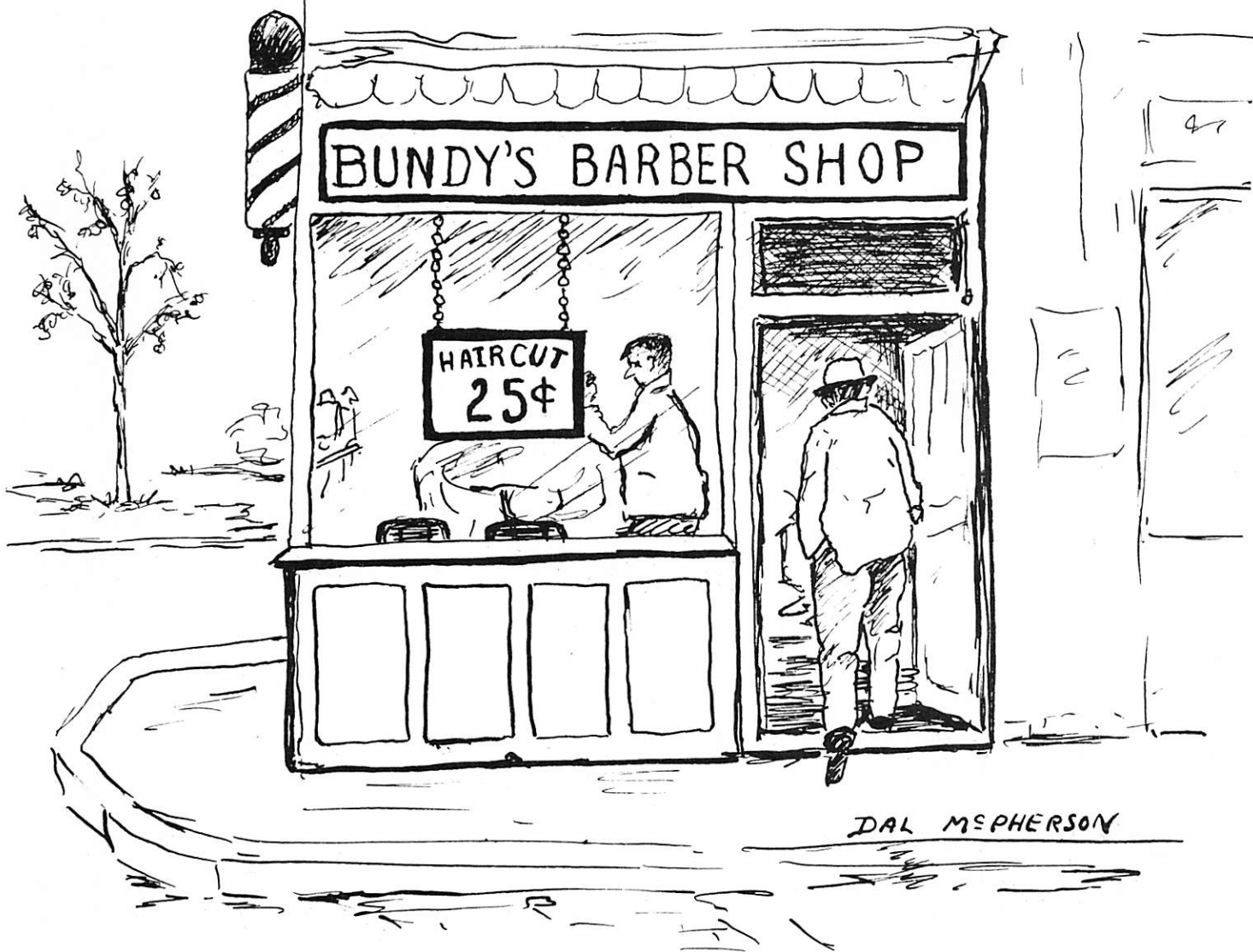
Why, they couldn't tell you,
If you were to ask,
Perhaps at the farm they
shake hands with the past.

Perhaps it's the welcome,
The warmth and the charm,
But there's just no forgetting
The 'Old Twombly Farm.'

Dorothy Gross
Oxford, Maine

Author's note:

On December 25, 1982, Stephen and Arrie Twombly of the 'Old Twombly Farm' celebrated their 75th Wedding Anniversary. The drawing of 'The Old Twombly Farm' was done by their nephew David Twombly who resides in Rhode Island.



THE TWENTY DOLLAR BILL

Fiction by Dalmar McPherson

The sign in Tom Bundy's barber shop read, "Haircuts 25 Cents," a reasonable price even in 1933. Despite the depression, Tom's pricing logic was that almost any man would have a quarter in his pocket every couple of weeks. He might have been correct too, except for the perversity of Sam Crump.

Sam worked for the W.P.A.* paint-

ing signs and arrows on barn roofs. The signs were to show directions to airplane pilots as well as make work for the unemployed. What with expense money for being out of town, Sam made a good week's pay for the times. Every other Thursday he would come over to Old Town from Stillwater to get Tom Bundy to cut his hair.

Sam would park his four door maroon colored Nash sedan just outside the town bank where he cashed his paycheck. With a pocket full of bills he'd swagger down Main Street to Bundy's Barbershop.

The shop was a one chair place. In front of the chair was a plate glass mirror. Under that a white wooden shelf was supported by black steel

**Federal Works Progress Administration*

brackets. The shelf held clippers and combs, towels and tonics. A half dozen wooden chairs and a table shared the rear wall. On the table were three old magazines and a pair of ash trays that advertised local businesses. A calendar with a colored picture of a girl in a yellow dress smiling from a red satin couch adorned the wall. The floor was wood, and the place smelled of old pipes and witch hazel.

Each time Sam Crump came in, he would choose one of the hard brown chairs along the wall and start passing out free comments on Roosevelt or the state of the economy as Sam perceived it to be. Because his own pocketbook was usually full, he was generally optimistic and a staunchly vocal supporter of the administration in Washington.

In these political and economic matters Tom Bundy always tried to stay neutral. He had a living to make, too, and at twenty-five cents a haircut he couldn't afford to lose any customers.

His clientele was a mixed group, mostly made up of local people who could appreciate a home-grown joke. The more the joke made someone else uncomfortable, the better it was. When it came to joking, Sam Crump could hold his own with anyone. He was known all over the country for thinking up some new way to tease and he was always adding to his reputation for making fun.

One Thursday, Sam thought of a new way to tease Bundy. When he climbed into the chair he gave his usual instruction: "Cut it short, and don't forget to thin it out a little."

"Right, Sam," said Bundy, smiling back at his steady customer.

The two small-talked a bit.

Up and down the neck went Bundy's clippers. He thinned Sam's hair and

worked over the top with comb and scissors. In a few minutes the cutting was done.

Sam stepped out of the chair. He reached into his hip pocket and pulled out a worn brown wallet.

"Oh, my God, Tom," he said, "I've only got a twenty dollar bill. Can you change that?"

Bundy didn't need to look at the cash drawer. His face dropped. "I never have that much money in here all at once."

"Well, can I bring in the quarter later?"

"Sure, Sam." The smile was gone. With six kids and a wife to feed and clothe, Bundy needed every quarter as fast as he could get it.

Sam left and didn't return until the next Thursday—which was his weekly pay-day. As usual he cashed his check at the bank. Then he strolled down to pay Tom Bundy the quarter he owed him.

"Here you go, Tom. Sorry you had to wait."

"That's o.k., Sam. Thanks for comin' in," said Bundy, accepting the coin. He watched Sam make his way back to the Nash sedan. Bundy didn't like extending credit.

The next week Sam paid when his hair was cut, but after that he frequently had "just a twenty" when it came time to pay Bundy. There was never enough change. Most of the regulars knew about Sam's twenty dollar bill. Earl Burnip came all summer just to see Sam "rag" Tom.

By September the barbering business got better. The college boys were back at the university on the hill. The paper mill had added another shift. At the end of the month Bundy had a few dollars to spare.

On the first Thursday in October, Bundy knew he could change Sam's twenty. At 9:00 a.m. the barber hung a sign in his door, "Back in ten minutes." He turned the lock and walked the distance to the nearby bank.

Bundy went up to the first teller. "Let me have twenty dollars in quarters," he said. A line began forming while the teller counted the money and passed it under the bronze bars of the cage. "There you are. Twenty dollars in quarters," said the bank clerk loudly. Bundy scraped them into a blue-and-white money bag.

"Hi, Tom," said a voice behind him. "I was just down to your place." It

was Earl Burnip, standing next in line.

The barber stopped. "I'm going right back if you need a haircut," he said.

Burnip looked at the money bag and spoke. "I'll be back in a while, Tom." He watched Bundy walk out the door and turn toward the barber shop.

Shortly after Bundy left, Earl saw Sam Crump's maroon sedan edge up to the curb. Sam climbed out and started toward the bank. Burnip was just leaving. He spoke a minute with Sam outside the door, then started in the direction of Tom Bundy's place.

Sam walked over to a teller, cashed his check and put one bill carefully into his wallet. A few minutes later he entered Bundy's barber shop. "Hello, Tom. Great day, isn't it?" he said.

"Sure is, Sam," beamed the barber. "Glad to see you." Bundy seemed happy with the world.

Sam Crump took his place in line, lit his pipe and waited in one of the wooden chairs.

Bundy cut Burnip's hair and when that was finished Earl sat down to talk and wait.

Sam's turn came. "Cut it short and thin it a little," he instructed.

Bundy ran the clippers up and down Sam's red neck, looking over at Burnip with a smile. As he finished cutting, Sam spoke. "Let's have some Slicum."

"Cost you ten cents more," said Tom.

"That's O.K. Put 'er on."

Bundy applied the Slicum. Then he waved the loose hairs from Sam's shoulders with a whisk broom. The barber breathed a little faster and looked toward the cash drawer. "There you are," he said. His hand moved toward the bag of quarters.

Sam Crump stood up and reached into his pocket. His eyes traveled to Burnip, then back to the barber. Pulling out his old brown wallet he opened it and looked in. Then he whistled through his teeth. He fished out a bill and extended it toward Tom Bundy.

"My God, Tom. I'm awful sorry. All I've got today is a fifty," said Sam. "Can you change that?"

Tom looked a little pale. "No," he said, "I never have that much in here. Just bring it in when you can, Sam."

Dalmar McPherson writes and paints in retirement at his Gorham, Maine, home.

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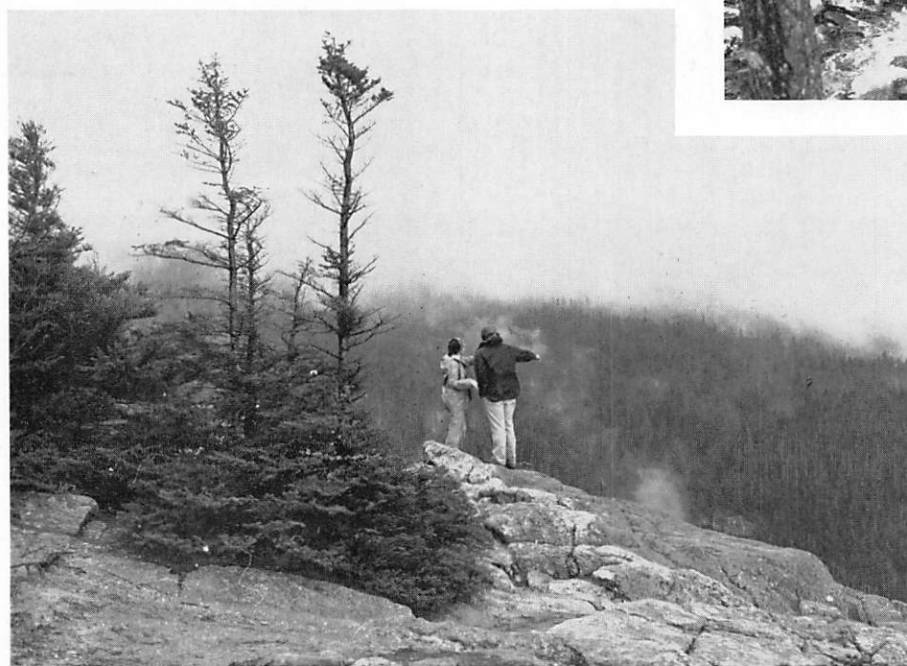
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View At The Top

*Mountain
Climbing
Photos by
Peter Allen*



READERS' ROOM

MAINE MUD

I handed the pink slip to the postal clerk at the window in the main post office in Tucson, Arizona, and he disappeared into the back room. Waiting for him to return, I wondered who was sending me a package. I could not remember ordering anything. Christmas had passed, and my birthday would not arrive again until November. Though it was April, my mother had stopped giving me Easter baskets long ago.

The clerk reappeared, and as he picked up the window to hand me a small carton, he cautioned, "This is pretty heavy." Picking it up, I noticed the cancellation mark of Rumford, Maine.

On the way home amid rush hour traffic in my unair-conditioned station wagon, I still tried to figure out who sent this parcel. My first year of teaching brought me to Tucson, and I had returned home to Maine for the Christmas holidays. But a mental rundown of family and friends in New England gave me no clues as to who the sender might be.

With anticipation I brought the weighty little box into the house and laid it on the kitchen table. Using scissors and my fingers, I opened it only to find a plastic sack of wet dirt. My disappointment turned to disgust and then to anger. It had been a long, hot trip downtown just for this. Unfolding the handwritten note laid on

top, I read, "Here is some Maine mud. John." I could not imagine why this fellow whom I had met while home at Christmas would play a trick on me.

Upon closer examination of this wet earth, my attitude changed to surprise and delight. This mud contained blooming mayflower plants complete with root systems. Running my fingers over the dark green, leathery looking leaves, I could still detect the familiar fragrance coming from the delicate pink and white waxy blossoms.

This brought back memories. As a young girl, my friends and I knew where to go each spring to find these early flowers in the woods. We no doubt picked more than our share as we made sure we had bouquets for our teachers' desks as well as our own kitchen tables.

The box may have held mud when it left Maine, but it did not take it long to dry out in the desert air. The neglected plants soon died and the rich loam ended up in the backyard.

Recently I read that mayflowers are extremely difficult to transplant and cultivate. Perhaps even if I had taken better care of the plants mailed to me, they might not have lived. Of all the gifts and surprises over the years, this box of Maine mud has been one of the most thoughtful and creative I have received.

Sometime I hope to have the privilege of finding mayflowers again in the woodlands of Maine. If so, I will leave them untouched for others to enjoy.

*Marjorie Blick Gerdes
North Platte, Nebraska*

Mayflowers

We walked along the brook watching carefully for the tiny flowers, Delicate pink and white and so fragrant.

More beautiful than any man made beauty could ever be.

Gathering bouquets of mayflowers we realize,

How little control we have over nature's creations,

No painting nor other artistic endeavor by man,

Could compare with the exquisite blossoms of mayflowers.

No perfume can equal their fragrance. Each year they appear, more lovely than ever before,

Or is it our awareness, sharper than the May before?

*—Joan Marr
So. Waterford, Maine*

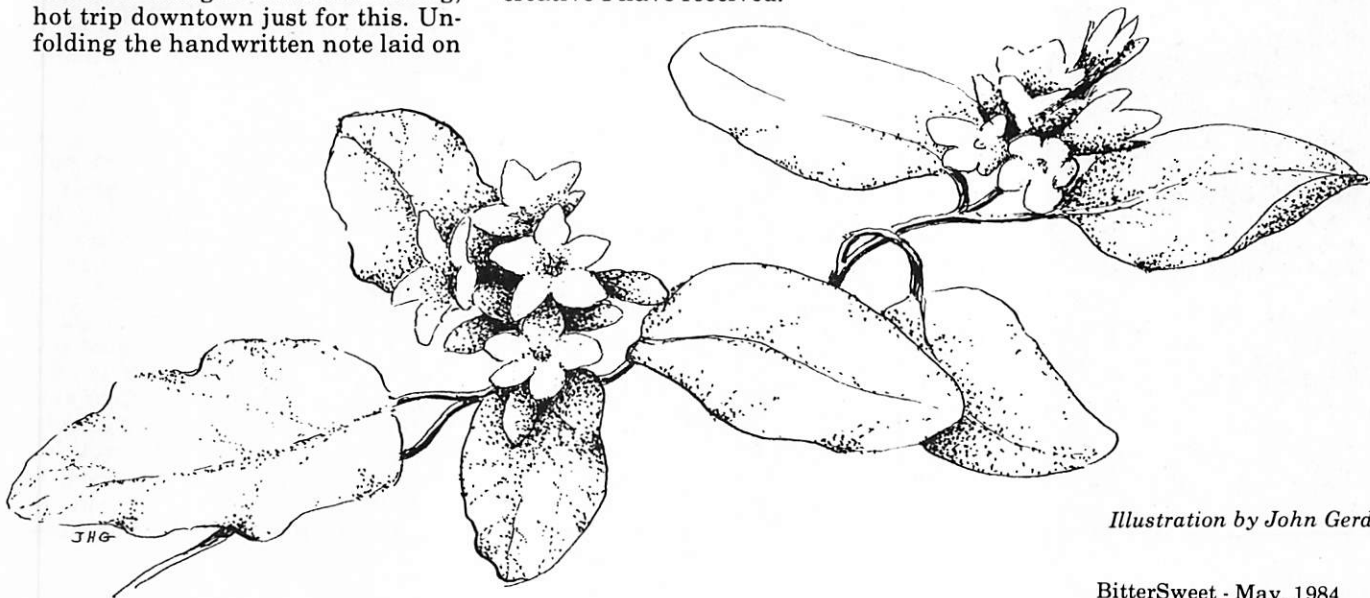
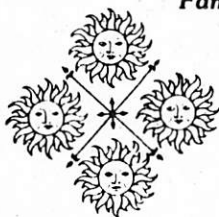


Illustration by John Gerdes

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FROM STONEWALLS TO BUTTERMILK

If you happen to be cruising around just for the fun of it, through Maine back country, you may notice a little plot of ground about twenty feet square, fenced in by an old stone wall. You might wonder what its purpose was, as it wouldn't be big enough for the foundation of a house, and the wall wouldn't be squared up well enough for that anyhow.

It's a cattle pound. (Remember the "dog pound" for stray dogs?) In the way-back days and the way-back places, probably before the invention of the telephone, if somebody's cow got loose and wandered off, there was no quick way to find out where she belonged. So they built these little stone-walled enclosures, and anyone could handily shoo a stray cow inside. Everyone undoubtedly knew where all the cattle pounds were located and thus could find an errant bossy more easily. The really old practices were usually based on common sense.

There's one of these cattle pounds on the Greenwood road (going north from Norway), just beyond Greenwood City—and the name "Greenwood City" is just about my favorite tongue-in-cheek Maineism. About half a dozen houses and a defunct filling station—but it has a perfectly beautiful little pond, which can scarcely be viewed without bringing the phrase "still waters" to mind. There's an extremely inviting road that leads up a hill and ends up "discontinued"—just the right sort of place for exploring. There's also another road that leads up onto a small mountain which affords one of those wide and pleasing views. Greenwood City must be a charming place for living.

To get back to stone walls in general, they're a lot more interesting than we commonly realize. Miles and miles of back country roads lead through thick woods which are edged by stone walls. When you stop to think about it, these thousands of acres of wooded land were once open fields. Otherwise the walls wouldn't be there. It wasn't that the early settlers needed the walls—they just couldn't farm the land without first clearing off the rocks. Those walls were built by men's hands, with the help only of crowbars, and the rocks were hauled on heavy, wooden stone drags (also called stone boats) by



DAL M.S.P.

oxen or horses. It's a stunning thought—the countless hours of hard work that produced those endless miles of stone walls.

And then came stump fences. Or rather, the fences must have come first. Once the trees were cut (and they didn't have any chain saws) they'd have to get rid of the stumps before they could haul off the rocks. So why not tip the stumps up on one side, the huge roots spreading in all directions, and line them up to make a fence? Make-do with what's available—an early-Maine basic. Riding northward, you can still find an occasional stump fence.

The hard work didn't end when a forest was so laboriously converted into a field. Think of plowing—a man trudged doggedly from one side of a field to the other, gripping the handles of a walking plow, the reins looped around his neck. As he turned at the end of the furrow, he flipped the plowshare over, so as to turn the next furrow in the same direction. By chore time at night, he didn't need any weight-lifting exercises for developing muscles.

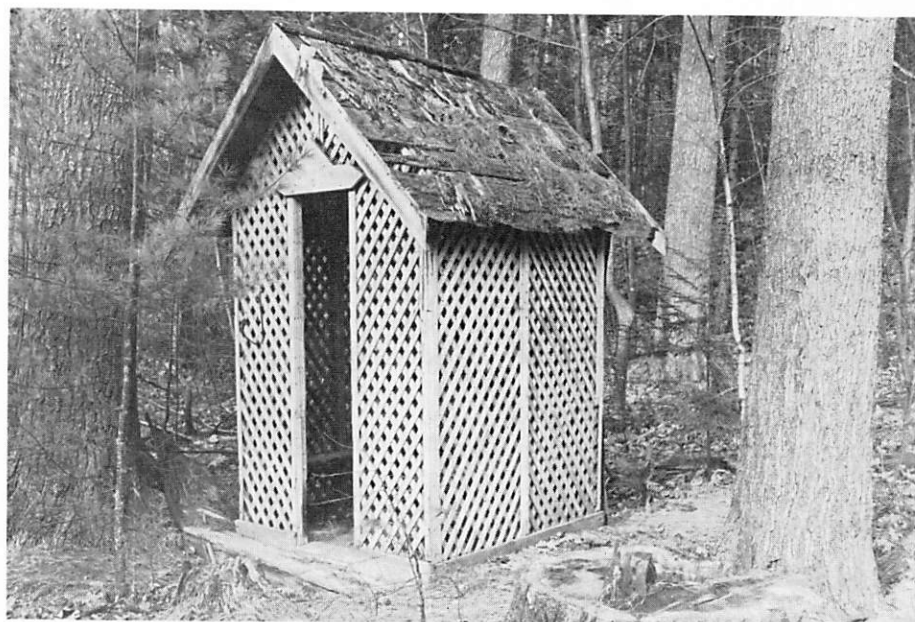
Every task called for the same thing—a mixture of skill and bull strength. "Do-it-yourself" wasn't a hobby—it was a necessity. For instance, there was no ready-mixed grain for the cows. A farmer had to buy the various kinds by the bag, separately, and mix them himself. I never missed a chance to watch my Dad when this process took place. He swept a section of the barn floor and emptied the bags, each one squarely on top of the last. Then, starting at the edge of the pile, he shovelled it carefully over, to form a new pile. It was the colors of the different grains

that made watching the job a pleasure. The cottonseed meal was rather greenish, corn meal a soft yellow, ground oats about the color of cream, and bran, a fairly bright tan. There was also gluten, which was a dull brown. Some salt was included. As the shovel ate away at the original pile, the layers of color formed a sort of pastel rainbow laid on its side. When the whole was on the second pile it was shovelled back to its original position, and so on until all was blended. Then it had to be shovelled into the big grain box. When empty, the grain box looked tempting as a place for playing "house." It was big enough, very clean inside, built on a slant at the top, and had a lift-up, hinged cover. But we never did climb into it—it didn't seem right to perhaps mess up anything that looked so neat. The grain looked so delicious it was mouth-watering just to watch the cows eat it.

The thought of dipping grain for the cows leads to the concept of home-made butter—and Oh! what good butter my Dad made! It's just as well that I don't have it now—if I did, I'd soon "roll one way as well as the other."

I suppose that a rummage through the shed chamber of many an old farmhouse would yield one or another type of churn. Ours was a pot-bellied one with a crank that turned paddles inside it. Originally, milk was set in pans, for the cream to rise and be skimmed off. Then came separators, cranked by hand. Some folks churned sweet cream but we always soured it. When the butter had "come," and gone through several rinsings, it was "worked," also by crank, on a butter worker similar in shape to an ironing board. This worked out every vestige of buttermilk and worked the salt in. The butter never had any rank taste. The buttermilk was so rich and good I never could stop short of several glasses of it, one right after another.

Whenever I need an escape from the seeming brashness and constant noise of present-day life, I can always slip back to the peace and the comfortable pace of early times. One of the most pleasant pictures is of hand mowing. We had a mowing machine, hauled by the horses, but there were some areas where the machine didn't fit. I suppose there are not many men now who know how to swing a scythe. It had a crooked handle (or snath) and a curved blade, and was swung with



Lucy Larcom's Retreat

gentle rhythm in a wide arc. My Dad was slim, wiry and graceful, and his swinging of a scythe was a music of motion. I'm grateful that I'll always have this clear and quiet memory.

*Doris Thurston
Norway, Maine*

LUCY LARCOM'S POETIC VISION OF BETHEL

One of the important literary figures of nineteenth century New England was the poet Lucy Larcom who spent much time in New Hampshire's White Mountains and in the western Maine town of Bethel. That town with its spectacular vistas and easy views of her beloved White Mountains was an easily anticipated choice for Miss Larcom, who drew much of her poetic inspiration from nature.

It is not known exactly when she first came to Bethel but in a letter to fellow poet and devoted friend John Greenleaf Whittier dated August 21, 1884, she mentions planning a visit to the town "to spend September, read my proof—and escape hay fever—(as I hope!)."

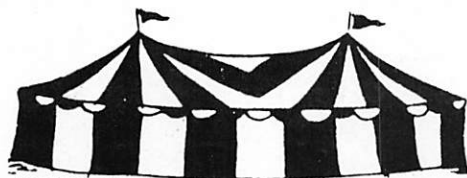
Her favored spot in town was at John Russell's Riverside Cottage (now the site of Richard Davis's house on Intervale Road) where she often stayed. To the rear of the house, which burned in 1944, the mountain rose steeply. On the crest there existed a

little glen shaded by spruce and fir where she sat, read and wrote her poetry. This became known as "Miss Larcom's Retreat." From here she enjoyed a splendid view of the Androscoggin River and its majestic intervalle elms, Mount Moriah and several of the Presidential Range, including Madison, Washington and Adams.

Born in Beverly, Massachusetts in 1824, Miss Larcom was a precocious child. Early in life she developed a fascination with poetry and religion. After her father's death in 1835, the family moved to Lowell where she began work in the textile mills of that city. Here she began writing for several literary magazines.

In 1846, she journeyed to Looking Glass Prairie, Illinois where she conducted a rural finishing school for several years. This experience launched her on a career of teaching at Monticello (near Alton, Illinois) and later at Wheaton Seminary (now Wheaton College).

Her enthusiasm for literature and history plus her sincere fondness for her students carried her influence beyond the classroom. She published her first book of poetry in 1869 and by 1884 she had become a very popular poet. Her poetry is often uneven in quality, simple and unadorned, with flexible rhythms and easy rhymes. It is also characterized by a strong moral tone and numerous spiritual applications that make it appear quaint and lifeless today.



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Nature was usually a source of inspiration to her but she was not always successful in conveying to her readers an esthetic quality worthy of more than enthusiasm. She was, in short, a very successful poet in her time; but her work did not endure and, as a result, is nearly unknown today.

This is not true of her autobiography (*A New England Girlhood*) published in 1889. Here is revealed in detail the intricacies of life in a New England village as well as that of the world of a factory girl in Lowell. This latter characteristic makes this work an important contribution to American social and labor history.

Bethel is not mentioned in her autobiography but Miss Larcom is prominently discussed in William B. Lapham's *History of Bethel* initially published in 1891 (and recently reprinted). Here is recorded the poet's relationship with the town and Lapham includes what may be considered her best Bethel poem, "On the Ledge," which she wrote there in 1879. In this verse Miss Larcom provides substantial proof of her familiarity with the town by reference to particular natural landmarks such as Paradise Hill. In the last stanza, she summarizes her poetic vision of Bethel:

As a new earth and heaven,
ye are mine once again
Ye beautiful meadows
and mountains of Maine.



*Stanley Russell Howe
Curator Moses Mason House Museum
Bethel, Maine*

RISING

Warmth of the day-dawn,
boy afoot,
The shiver of joy, May-meadow morn.
Toast and cocoa frees him to roam
All through the town before coming home.
Down by the ocean, fish and foam,
green water lapping, pier still strong,
Sea gulls screeching a wake-up song:
This is the time to stay in the sun,
Drink deeply the kiss of the sun:
This is the place where light feet run,
Where the robin rejoices for fun.
High overhead, a white-pillowed sky
wipes the sleep-seed out of his eye.
While zephyrs caress forearms and cheeks,
he smells the good earth he always meets
At the birth of the day-dawn,
when night retreats.

—Stephen McCurdy
Gorham

THINKING OF COUNTRY THINGS by John Meader

Will grapes grow in the North Country? Growers who didn't think so can find news in this article at which to take heart. Farmer John Meader of Buckfield, Maine tells us which new varieties prefer our climate.

Promising News About Grapes

When it comes to grapes, many small-fruit growers in northern New England have known nothing but disappointment. They have set out Concord or Delaware, or some related variety, and lost the vines over the very first winter. When the vines did survive, other adverse factors prevailed: a late spring frost killed the blossoms, or the fruit never ripened before autumn's first hard freeze. These, then, are the three primary considerations about grape growing in the north: hardiness, suitable blossom time, and, in our relatively cool summers, short ripening period.

Grape lovers should take heart. Over the last decade, and especially over the last several years, new grape varieties have been introduced that promise much for northern home gardeners. Along with these new introductions, one rather older variety warrants more attention as well. (It isn't within the scope of this article to describe the notable work done by modern grape breeders, but one name must be mentioned—Mr. Elmer Swenson, of Osceola, Wisconsin, has greatly changed our ideas about grapes for the upper north.)

Beta (F & G)—These letters throughout refer to nursery companies, listed below, which offer the varieties here described.): Beta has been around for decades. It is exceptionally vigorous and in a single year can throw out as much as twenty feet of new growth. The clusters are medium-sized, blue-black; the fruit high in both sugar and acid. Beta is recommended for jelly and juice and, with added sugars, might work for wines. Because of the generous vining habit, Beta should do well on an arbor. It has survived -35°F, on trellis (above snow-line), at Buckfield, Maine. Not many nurseries

have carried Beta in recent years, which helps to explain why it is not better known.

Swenson's Red (F & J): has survived -20°F in New Hampshire and may be a good bit more hardy than that. Swenson's Red grows strongly and bears well. Clusters are good-sized and red. It is considered to be a table grape with good dessert quality. New York State commercial growers have set out sizeable plantings.

Edelweiss (F & J): out of Minnesota, along with Swenson's Red, and considered hardy to -30°F. The fruit is amber and sweet, reportedly good for table and juice both. The variety ripens early, making it suitable for shorter seasons, and the vines are said to show good disease resistance.

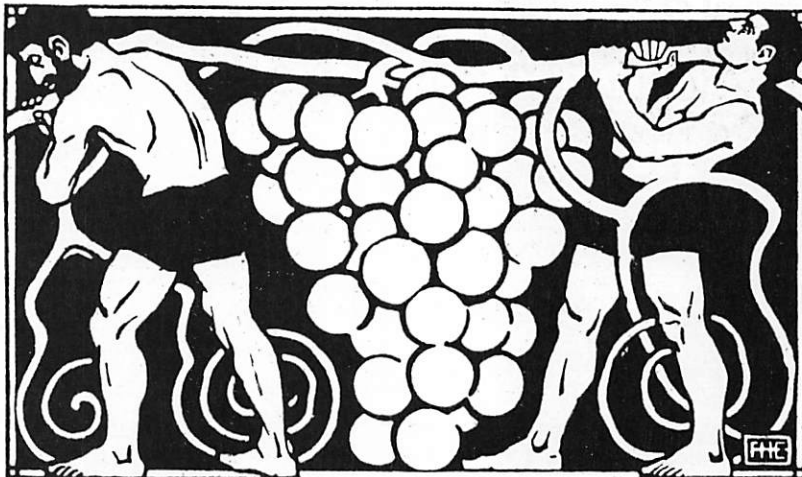
Kay Gray and St. Croix (BR): are the most recently introduced Swenson varieties, and reportedly in Minnesota have survived temperatures as low as -40°F on trellis. Kay Gray is a white table grape with good-sized fruit in fairly small clusters. Kay Gray grew with considerable vigor in

Buckfield this last year. In Minnesota, single vines have produced in the vicinity of twenty pounds of fruit.

St. Croix is blue and sweet, and ripens in Minnesota in late August; perhaps a week earlier than Kay Gray. St. Croix may prove to be a good wine fruit because of its sugar content. Productivity and vigor are said to be good.

Canadice (F & K): comes out of breeding work at the New York State Experiment Station. Canadice stands -20°; more, I hope, for I've seen Canadice fruiting in New Hampshire. A full cluster of Canadice is beautiful. The flavor is excellent. Canadice is seedless too, which makes it even more attractive as a table grape.

Reliance (K): compares well with Canadice in all regards. It is also seedless. Developed at the Arkansas Experiment Station, Reliance has survived -34°F, it is reported. The fruit is pink, medium sized and has a good balance of sugars and acids in favorable years. Disease resistance is said to be good.



ROBERT S. BATCHELDER

Attorney-at-law
Kezar Falls, Maine 04047

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**PERENNIAL
POINT OF VIEW**

O wild west wind —Shelley
Thine azure sister of the
Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming
Earth and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks
To feed in air)
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Venus (BR & K): also originated at the Arkansas Experiment Station. Venus is a blue-black seedless with good hardiness. As with Reliance, ripening should come in northern areas sometime in early September.

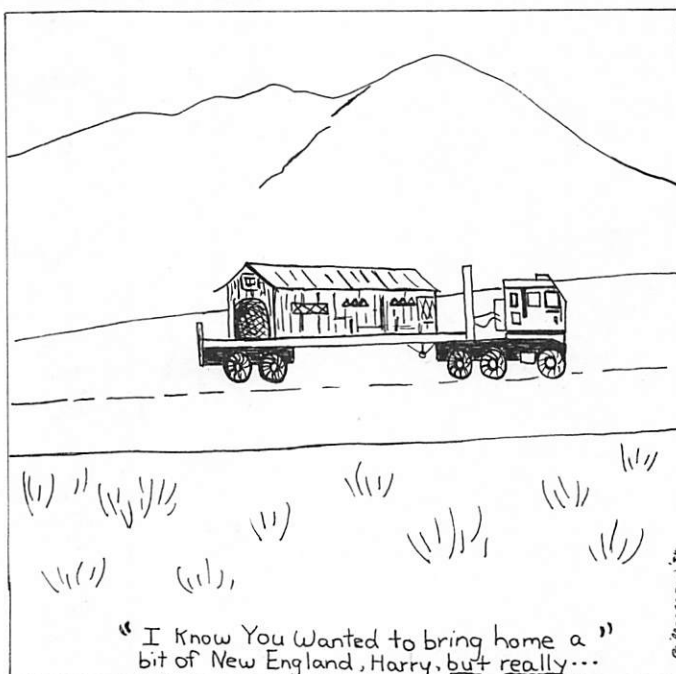
Valiant (F): Newly introduced by the South Dakota Experiment Station, Valiant is a blue grape. The fruit is said to mature early; is good for jelly, juice, and wine; and its hardiness compares well with Beta.

Since certain cultural conditions must be met for any grape to do well, a few words on the subject may be useful. As for site, choose these qualities if possible: gently sloping, fertile, deep, loose (or, well aerated), and well-drained. Heavy wet soils will not do. Grapes tolerate a fair range of pH from moderately acid to neutral—6.0 to 7.0; or, in other words, improved garden soil. About measures to induce suitable fertility much debate continues: with high fertility the crop may be heavy, late and low in sugar (excessive fertility may lead to unfruitfulness); with lower fertility productivity and plant growth fall off but fruit quality may improve. The 1938 USDA Yearbook, entitled *Soils and Men*, handles the issue well: "The exact explanation of the apparent superiority of certain soils for the production of grapes of especially fine quality for fruit and wine has not yet been discovered." The passage of

nearly half a century has not strongly challenged this observation. Studies have demonstrated, however, the great importance of balance in any soil fertility program; nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium *all* must be available in adequate amounts. One possible approach is to apply 10-10-10 at about the time the buds begin to swell. Some growers advocate a single application of manure in the fall. An open-minded, observant, experimental attitude will take the grower farther than any book advice. Lastly, grapes require special pruning to do best, and may also need certain regimens of sprays for insect and disease problems. Consult your local Extension Agent for current recommendations.

Nurseries:

- for F: Farmer Seed & Nursery
Reservation Center
2207 E. Oakland Ave.
Bloomington, IL 61701
- for G: Gurney's Seed & Nursery Co.
Yankton, SD 57079
- for J: J.W. Jung Seed Co.
Randolph, WI 53957
- for K: Kelly Bros. Nurseries
Dansville, NY 14437
- for BR: Bountiful Ridge Nurseries
Princess Anne, MD 21853
- also: Foster Nursery Co.
69 Orchard Street
Freedonia, NY 14063



by Carol Gestwicki

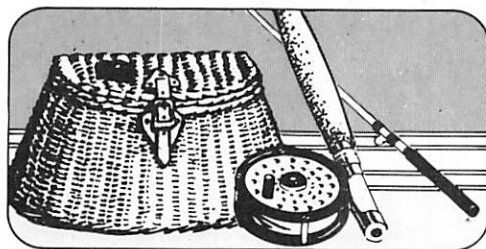
act...
rainy day on vaca...
feel it actually takes a whole summer
rainy days before anyone is stretched
far enough to really show true mettle—
and then the truth is hard to hide.

The first rainy day at the cottage is actually anticipated. There are at least thirteen jobs that have been postponed and earmarked for "the first rainy day that comes along." These include chores like trying to find a close match among the 9 odd flip-flops left behind by various-sized guests during past summers, throwing out odd remnants in the medicine cupboard, and putting yet another patch on some towels that date back to my single days. There are also some jobs that have to be set aside for still later—a coat of varnish on the bookshelves when I realize it will never dry, and a polish on the Franklin stove, now too warm from a crackling fire.

During all this activity, the children are happily exploring the shelves in the loft, discovering toys and games paid no attention to since last year. The rain offers a nice change of pace from their usual outdoor day. They get almost all the way finished working one old puzzle before remembering it has 5 missing pieces.

Lunch is a fairly genial affair—everyone there at the same time for once, instead of the usual totally casual moveable feast. Afterwards the children and I mix up a batch of cookies together, then begin our annual Monopoly game. (I will play one game of Monopoly a year, and caught up in the differentness of this first rainy day, I agree this is the day for it.) Tempers get a little frayed by late afternoon when the big one has steadfastly refused to sell Boardwalk at any price to the little one. But basically it's been a pleasant afternoon. Supper is a hearty meal, followed by a family game and popcorn. We all go to bed early, drowsy in the fire-warmed cottage and cheerfully remarking that a damp night with the sound of rain

the pine trees is a
ement to sleep.
rain dropping from
still with us when we
morning. The children
gish after breakfast,
a hour or so before they
find an activity. There is a tussle over
who will have the best couch by the
window to lie on to read, but they
seem too listless to be able to sustain
much of a fight for long. Their father
disappears with a book to the bed-
room. I scrub the kitchen floor, then



pull out some crocheting materials I tucked in for just such a day. The pattern is very difficult, and soon far beyond me. I decide to check it out with a neighbor down the lake, but it is really raining very hard now, so I put it aside 'til later. One of the kids has thrown down his book and is staring out the window at the streaming rain. He leaps up quickly to answer a knock at the door. Three kids from down the lake come in, dripping. They all greet each other like long-lost polar explorers and enthusiastically settle down to another game of Monopoly. When I retreat to the quiet of the bedroom, I discover my husband sleeping. He's only slightly sheepish when I point out it's not much past mid-morning.

"Well, it's that kind of a day," he says.

I discover more about what kind of a day it is when I go to fix lunch. The kids appear to have dirtied every dish in the cottage fixing snacks, and furthermore, the kitchen floor needs washing again. I track down the culprit—a visitor who did not remove his muddy shoes. It's raining much too hard to send those other kids home for

lunch, so I concoct enough soup and sandwiches for an army, and watch it all disappear in minutes.

This second afternoon of rain seems to stretch for days. Everything within reach is polished and clean. I try to tune out the children's sounds which are becoming increasingly unpleasant. I gather that some sort of real estate conglomerate has been formed to shut out buyers in certain sections. Players are hissing at each other by the time I suggest they clean up the table so we can get dinner.

Dinner is a fairly silent affair. After such a day there is little to converse about. We have barely finished the dishes before every kid on the lake appears at the door. We have the only t.v. on the lake; I swear before the next rainy day I will donate it for the Firemen's Auction. They sit glued to the set all night. The odor of damp steamy clothes takes over. Somebody gets up at every commercial to use the bathroom, and then there's a five minute argument over who took whose seat. The one thing of real interest is the weather report. We listen carefully, memorizing key phrases to repeat back to each other and analyze. We are slightly reassured by the t.v. weatherman's jocular tone and percentages. But the fact remains—it seems quite likely to rain again the next day.

No one speaks above a mutter for at least an hour the third morning. The rain drums down harder than ever. A knock at the door comes as a welcome diversion. A boy from three cottages down gasps, "Tim, your boat is floating away." Total pandemonium as three of them dash out, jump into the lake, wade out to the boat which has one foot of water in it and has slid off the beach as the lake water has steadily risen to new heights. Five minutes later the boat is retrieved, securely tied, and the three of them are back in the cottage stripping off sodden clothes to the skin. Having had such a narrow miss, I go out to see that everything else is battened down, which means we all now have soaking sneakers. We rig up a clothesline in



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one corner of the living room, which gives us the look and smell of a Chinese houseboat.

The kids spend the rest of the morning thumbing through, and fighting over, old comic books.

By lunch time my husband is starting to pace. I have read all my library books and am reduced to an old paperback Perry Mason I once bought at a yard sale for an emergency. And I'm developing new survival techniques. I quickly coax the kids to go visiting at another cottage, hoping to forestall the arrival of those same damp kids over here. Mine are back in ten minutes. "They're gone," they announce.

"Why can't we go anywhere?" whines the little one.

"Good idea," I snap grimly, and we sit down to discuss our alternatives. After a few heated minutes it becomes obvious that (a) most of the places we've said we'd like to see someday are only possible trips in bright sunshine, and (b) with so many wet clothes and shoes around, the only trip that makes sense is a purely functional excursion to the laundromat.

Half an hour later we discover everyone at the lakes within a thirty-mile radius has had the same inspiration. Gropping our way through the steam, we find there'll be a half-hour wait, which we spend waiting in a bed-ragged line at McDonald's. By the time we get our machines, the hot water is all gone and we can only keep the dryers fed long enough to get jeans and sneakers half dry, so I'm not sure we're any better off when we return, through a downpour, to the cottage.

I'm sure we're no better off when there's someone at the door two minutes later. The other kids are back, but their excursion got them a new game, so at least they all settle down to something other than Monopoly. This new game gives them lots of added scope for squabbling, though, so I'm

delighted to send the visitors home at supertime.

We listen in hushed concentration to the weather news. The weatherman is distinctly nervous and no longer even tries to crack jokes. The impossible has happened. Not only has this low front bringing all the rain stalled—it looks like it's moving backwards. Backwards! Whoever heard of such a thing?

Just to remind us that it has no serious intention of subsiding, a hearty thunder and lightning storm joins even heavier rain. We jump with every flash and crash, and then the inevitable—the power goes off. Well, at least that will keep all the t.v. watchers home tonight. It makes for a somewhat cozy, friendly, early-to-bed night for all of us. Just before falling asleep I count on my fingers—two more days 'til our weekend company arrives, including three kids and a very large, hairy dog. If it's still raining, they may find an abandoned cottage.

In the morning we open our eyes very tentatively, experimentally. Is it . . . my gosh . . . is that just off the trees? Joy! The day is grey and wet, but not raining. People bounce out of bed as if they've been phoned a last-minute reprieve by the governor.

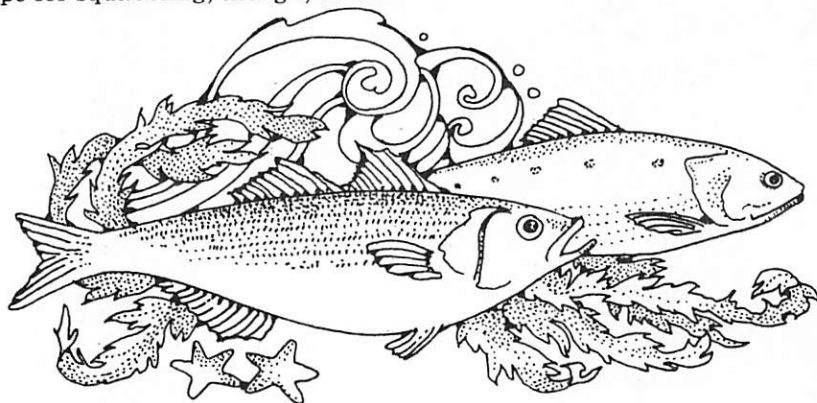
"Best fishing just after a rain," sings out one boy.

"No, stupid, it's during." But their spirits are too high to continue.

I put away the Monopoly game on the highest shelf. With any luck at all we won't need it for a while. We open all the windows and put all moveable objects out as the sun breaks through thinly.

Turns out the best part about cottage rainy days is not the character they reveal, heaven help us all, but the sense of relief when they end!

Mrs. Gestwicki spends summers in North Waterford, Maine.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT by Lucia Owen

FISH STORIES

Catching pickerel with a long bamboo pole is one of my earliest memories. The place where I grew up wasn't famous for anything but pine barrens and blueberries. At seven I thought the sport fishing there was fabulous.

Dad used to cut the fins off the pickerel we caught and use them for bait. What we didn't use he'd freeze until next time. He wore an engineer's cap, backwards, and rowed my grandparents' green wooden rowboat unerringly to all the best fishing spots in their pond.

The stumps in that Millpond all had names. Once, on the crocodile stump, my brother and I found a clutch of wild duck eggs. But the stumps were where the big fish hung out, too. I remember spending most of my time in the summers catching fish, though I must have done other things.

Once, at the north end of the little pond where the water and shore combined into lily pads and swamp, I caught a twenty-four-inch pickerel. It was the biggest fish I'd ever seen—all teeth—and my dad shouted the directions fishermen shout when an amateur has hooked the big one. We got it aboard with no net. I remember thinking, "No one will believe this fish."

I carried the fish up the lawn from the dock, accepting everyone's congratulations as if I were on a royal progress. People snapped photographs and I held onto that fish under the gills till I thought my arm would fall off. I wouldn't give it up because I knew we'd give it away to the Russian lady who used to come to get water from our tap. We didn't eat pickerel—too bony.

My grandmother saw my distress, understood my need, and solved the whole thing with inspiration. My wonderful fish was wrapped and frozen. A week or so later we took it home with us and put it in the freezer until the start of school. And when my third grade teacher announced the first round of "show-and-tell," I brought that fish into school and passed it around the class. Dad later buried it

at the back of the garden, where I remember we had knee-high violets for years.

I tell this story to make my husband Jim a more sympathetic fly-casting instructor. My technique with a fly rod is fine—until I hook something. Then all my childhood instincts return, and I'm on one end of a sixteen-foot bamboo casting pole with a two-foot pickerel on the other. With great thrashings I stiff heel whatever I've hooked on board. I have learned the hard way that you can't land a trout like that.

Gradually I am acquiring the subtlety that fly fishing demands. It is a technique eminently suited to the Yankee character—understatement, silence, and self-sufficiency prevail. I only possess the last, and am forever wanting to put on the biggest and brightest fly—how else will the fish see it? I have my eye on some salmon flies that look as if they began life as macaws. Jim rolls his eyes whenever I start rummaging through his fly books. Upper Dam Pool will never be the same.

We have gone on expeditions specifically to catch trout; I have curbed my South Jersey instincts, and I have returned with trout. Time in spring and summer being what it is, these trips have been reduced to an evening trolling on the lake at the camp. On those evenings, just at dusk, we go for white perch on a fly rod—or an occasional chub, though that is not proper to admit in polite company. The perch can't resist my favorite chewed-up old grasshopper and are more immune than trout to being abruptly yanked out of the water if I forget myself. I am told this sort of fishing is like using the family silver to eat hot dogs.

When I came to Maine, one of the first things I learned was the difference between trash fish and trout. Obviously, everything I had caught before counted as trash fish, including the pickerel of my dreams. What I privately think is that people draw the distinction to hide one very plain fact—you don't have to scale a trout. Another thing I found out that is

absolute heresy is that white perch tastes as good as trout. I have heard respectable anglers admit this when they thought no one of consequence was listening. We can't go to where the trout are very often, and we can catch as many white perch as we can eat. But we have to scale and fillet them as well.

The resolution to this dilemma usually involves a stop at the fish market, where we buy something that has no sports mystique on the one hand, and requires no scaling on the other. All of this is the long way around to presenting one of the best and easiest fish recipes Jim and I have ever eaten. It has become our standard emergency elegance dish as well. It requires neither trout nor trash fish, but good fillet of sole.

Broiled Sole with Cheese

2 c. fine dry breadcrumbs
3/4 c. grated cheddar cheese
2 TB minced parsley
1/2 c. butter or margarine, melted
1/4 tsp. curry powder
2 lb. fillets of sole

Simply combine everything except the fish. Arrange the fish in a single layer in a buttered baking dish. (You may need two dishes for the whole recipe.) Sprinkle the crumb mixture over the fish, dot with a little butter, and broil for about 7 minutes. Serve with lemon slices. This recipe will serve four to six people but is very easily adjusted to whatever number you wish to feed. If the crumbs get too dark as the fish cooks, turn off the broiler and let the fish finish in the hot oven. A few extra minutes will do it.

I suppose the recipe could be adapted to white perch. I've wondered, but never dared to suggest it in serious fishing or eating company. I'll spend the rest of the summer catching white perch and throwing them back until I find the perfect recipe and have to learn to scale them.

Lucia Owen teaches English at Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine.

A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY by Emery Santerre, Sr.

TWO DAYS IN BAXTER STATE PARK

My wife Viv and I left home about seven in the morning, headed towards Baxter State Park. We arrived at the Togue Pond Gate House around nine thirty. On the way we had seen three deer, a rabbit who was in the middle of the road, undecided which way to go—we had to stop and wait for him to make up his mind—a red fox within 100 feet of the built-up section of Milinocket, and an osprey.

At the Gate House, we made reservations for South Branch campsite. It started to shower lightly, but Mt. Katahdin was still beautiful and majestic with its ledge-gray snow-white mottled peaks contrasting with the dark green foothills.

Driving on to South Branch, we saw a chipmunk scoot across the road with his tail straight up and a Kingfisher fly across the road and dive into his nesthole which was six-feet-high in the dirt bank near the road.

We lunched at the Nesowadnehunk Stream picnic area, fished a few minutes—no good rips, no good pools—no good, period! Another time would be different. Farther along, we fished another section of the stream and raised two small trout.

We arrived at Sourdnaunk Lake Wilderness Campground which is just outside the Baxter State Park boundary and rented a boat. We motored to the head of the lake against heavy headwinds, fished the right-hand shore and I raised and flipped over one trout. Then we “drift-fished” along the lee shore. I got a rise and caught my first trout around three-fifteen on a Royal Coachman.

I started the motor and cruised along slowly and caught three more trout on a Brown Hackle. We had enough now for our supper, so we quit. The fishing was good—the scenery was beautiful—it was just great.

Shortly after leaving Sourdnaunk Campground it started to rain. By the time we arrived at the campsite the rain had stopped—wasn't it nice to wait until we were back in the auto-

mobile before raining and stopping before we started to make camp?

I got the fire going and cleaned the trout and pitched the tent. While Viv fried the trout, I cast from shore and caught my fifth trout, which made my limit for the day.

Before retiring I made arrangements to rent a canoe for early the next morning.

We arose around four-thirty next morning, had a quick breakfast and by five were paddling to Upper Pond against a stiff wind. The trout were biting continuously, but they were small—almost impossible to hook with the large night-crawlers we were using.

We saw an osprey and a loon trying to fly—unable to take off on the first attempt.

At six-ten Viv caught her first trout and at six-thirty she caught another. I didn't catch any until after eight in the morning—that I caught on my new two-ounce Ultra-light rod.

On the way to lower pond Viv caught her third trout. I caught another one. We got to within 50 feet of two loons before they dove under the water.

We cleaned and cooked four of the trout for “brunch” around ten a.m. Then I went alone to Trout Brook while Viv did the dishes and relaxed.

About a mile below South Branch road the waters were very good-

looking. I used flies at first, but didn't raise anything, so removed the “tail-fly” and put on a bait hook. I had a lot of bites from small trout—I caught and released several. I caught the biggest trout on a brown hackle dropper and didn't net it because I thought it had the bait!

About one-fifteen I decided to head back to camp. I walked across the woods, in an Easterly direction. The sun was covered most of the time, so I may have zig-zagged quite a bit. I got a glimpse of a deer that I had jumped and saw a lot of moose and deer tracks along the stream. A broad-tail hawk flew real low over my head. I got back to the car at two p.m.

When I got back to camp I found Viv sound asleep and just as I walked under the flap of the tent, it started to rain again. It was just a short, light shower, but we ate lunch in the tent to keep from getting wet. After the rain stopped, I dressed the trout I had caught, shaved and went out to fish for another trout to make my limit.

I caught and released about a dozen trout, keeping a 10-inch which I caught on a fly. We had our limits so we started picking up to go home around seven p.m.

On the way to the Togue Pond Gate House, while on the South Branch road, we saw a gangling yearling moose. It ran ahead of the car a long distance before going off into the woods.

Near East Musquash we saw two deer—one was standing in the road and the other jumped in front of us—not ten feet ahead of the car.

We saw a woodchuck near the road a short distance from home. The two days in the beautiful setting of the majestic mountains and crystal clear lakes will long be remembered.

Mrs. Vivian Santerre sent us a series of her late husband's outdoor columns from her home in Saco, Maine.

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MY VALLEY

Where the mountains reach to heaven,
And the spruce trees kiss the skies;
I will dwell in God's Creation,
'Til the very day I die.

Far away from tribulations,
Where the birds sing all the day,
Songs of love with tender meanings,
Guiding me along the way.

O! I've found a hidden heaven,
And I love the work I do:
Just a fishing and a resting,
With a million stars in view.

Where nature's arms surround my being,
Filling me with summer thrills;
And the wonders of the autumn,
And the winter's icy chills.

Yes! I've found a peaceful valley,
And you'll always find me there,
Living next to God and nature,
In a place beyond compare.

*Bernard Ridley
Sourdunhunk Lake
(Baxter State Park)*



NORTHERN SUN

Northern Sun
Touch the seeds in the garden.
Summer rain
Comes down as hard as light,
Wind in the night.

Tiger lilies
Bloom by the window again
After winter's
Come down as hard as day.
Birds out of sight
Call from the berries.
They drink from the pool,
splash in the dirt.

*Jemie St. James
Buckfield, Maine
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Index To Our Advertisers

Antiques 'n Stuff, Yarmouth	inside front cover
Barn on 26, Gray	1
Batchelder, R.S., Kezar Falls	36
Bean's Restaurant, So. Paris	26
Blue Ribbon Shop, Norway	6
Bolster Monumental, Oxford	6
Candy Cane Creations, Yarmouth	inside front cover
Cilla's Shop, Norway	42
Cornish Inn, Cornish	back cover
Davis Antique, Yarmouth	inside front cover
Ewe's Wool, Bridgton	38
Fitch, George Agency	36
Four Corners Store, Hiram	inside back cover
Friendly River Fretted Instruments, Cornish	42
Frost & Flame, No. Windham	40
General Store for Pets, Falmouth	42
Goodwin's Insurance, Norway	32
Hanold Tent, No. Windham	34
Heritage, N.H., Glen, N.H.	12
House of Stiles, Yarmouth	inside front cover
Kedarburn Inn, Waterford	26
Ken & Fred's Carpets, Norway	6
Kimball Supply, Hiram	inside back cover
Kitchen & Bath, Norway	26
Last Straw, Yarmouth	inside front cover
Ledgewood Motel, Norway	6

Little Ossipee Florist, Limerick	36
Little Strawberry Tole House, Hiram	inside back cover
McSherry's Orchard	36
Meadowcreek Herb Garden, Yarmouth	inside front cover
Robert Milton Insurance Agency, Norway, Auburn	1
Mountainview Canoe, Hiram	inside back cover
Norway Savings Bank	14
Offerman	34
Old Church Tavern, Naples	38
Oxford Mill End	14
Oxford Power Equipment	36
Perennial Point of View	36
Perham's, West Paris	17
Prim's Rexall, Bethel & So. Paris	38
Red Shed Antiques, Yarmouth	inside front cover
Saco River Canoe & Kayak, Fryeburg	41
Schwind, W.M.	inside front cover
Sleepy Hollow Collectibles, Denmark	42
Stone Ridge Restaurant, Cornish	26
Sunny Villa, Ossipee, N.H.	32
Town Line Woodcraft, Hiram	inside back cover
Yarmouth Insurance	inside front cover
Yokohama Restaurant, Gorham, N.H.	26
Weight Watchers	28
Welch's Country Store, Hiram	inside back cover
WOXO Radio, Norway	17

SPRING TURNING

In the clear air of Spring I drove today
Through awakening land in the Back
Country.
The wandering roads turned sharp on
themselves,
Crossing green meadows and scaling the
slopes;
Where Nature had nurtured her children
last Winter in covering snow.
Gone now the Winter and whining wind
From the land that feeds the Back Country,
Where farms fit tight to the corners of hills
And life is beginning again.

Come now the new things of Spring to be
seen.
Birch trees waving a yellow hello to the
blue in a brilliant sky.
Fiddleheads bursting from musty cores at
the edge of a gray stone fence.
And I was a part of this joy.
I saw an Arbutus testing its strength in the
still chill air.
It was out of the land now, spreading its
grace
And like all the rest it was rooted still
To the side of a hill where life is beginning
again.

There on the land in the Back Country,
rooted as well to the side of the hill
A family worked as their forebears had;
in slow rhythm toiling
As if time had stayed still.
The family was plowing and planting the
slope and four brown oxen led the
foray.
They were followed by father wresting the
plow, while stretched out behind
in the new dirt turned up
Four struggling children inserted the seed
to meet next season's need.

Watching them toil near an old stone wall
I could see once again the work and the
sweat poured out on this hill
By families whose strength it had sapped...
and restored.
I could look at a graveyard just up the slope
where past toilers rest.
And I wondered if they, whom so many
seasons have sifted away,
Could still watch with me
Life starting once more in the Back
Country.

Spring is still young on the sun-warmed
hill where I traveled today
And she carries a gift of new life to be.
She grows from the cold of a season now
past,
In promise that Life
Is Eternity.

*Dalmar McPherson
Gray*

... Sukanya

to visit, to study, and also to give her two sons an opportunity to be exposed to the culture that has been an integral part of the lives of three generations of distinguished female Indian dancers.

Last year the National Endowment For The Humanities, which has sponsored many of Sukanya's performances in the United States, awarded her a grant to return to India for intensive study and to perform publicly. Much of her time was spent in the lovely old traditional city of Bangalore in South India. Since Sukanya's grandmother had performed many times in Bangalore and her mother did much of her training there, dance enthusiasts welcomed Sukanya with open arms. "My being in Bangalore this time was very special. Everyone remembered my mother and opened their doors to me."

Sukanya had the privilege of studying under the last of the great gurus representing an ancient family of dancers attached to one of the many outstanding temples at Tanjore. Most students of the classical dance who live in the cities today limit their dance sessions to one to two hours a day, three to five days a week. Sukanya, however, followed the rigid schedule of the ancient traditional dancers who studied at the temples and lived with the guru. She practiced every day for at least six hours.

About fifty years ago as a part of the strong nationalistic movement in India headed by Mohandas K. Gandhi, a revival of classic dancing took place. Since Gandhi's movement included the liberation of Indian women, he encouraged women to study the traditional arts. Gandhi firmly believed that India's future rested upon the peasantry who live in nearly 600,000 villages. In an attempt to instill a sense of nationalist pride among its polyglot of people, and especially its burgeoning peasant population, he supported and encouraged traditional dance performances in the villages.

"This was all very nice," says Sukanya, "to want Indians to be proud of their heritage; but I think it also had some damaging effects. It is like feeding opera to the masses, and our art form is definitely not for the masses. The classical dance by tradition was intended to be performed in

the temples, exclusively for connoisseurs and royal patrons of the arts."

Today in India, according to Sukanya, there are thousands of dancers, but there are relatively few masters of the art. She blames much of what she refers to as the "vulgarization" of the classical dance on the modern Indian film industry, which, in her words, "is turning a pure art into a musical comedy."

"A lot of people are worried about where it is all going to end," she laments. "There really isn't a professional dance system the way there is in this country. There are no impresarios. Indian dancers have to promote themselves. What is happening is that children of very wealthy families are taking up dancing and sponsoring themselves. Many very talented and beautiful dancers do not have the funds to promote themselves. There is the danger of a truly talented dancer not being able to buy costumes and perform because she does not have a rich and important father. On the other hand, a rich father can put forth a daughter that is really not very good."

As a dedicated international performer, Sukanya quite naturally has had many memorable experiences, but none can equal her appearance, in 1979, with her mother and grandmother before a capacity audience at the New York University School of Education. The spotlight was on Ragini Devi as she sat on stage presenting a mime. She was flanked on the right by her daughter Indrani, who sang to the accompaniment of the haunting notes of the tanpura (a stringed instrument related to the sitar) played by Sukanya, who sat facing her beloved grandmother to her left. It was a simple part for the grand old lady in the denouement of her career; but she called it "my finest hour," for she was performing with the two people she loved most in life and who will be continuing for many years to perpetuate and preserve what which she had for over fifty years held most dear—the pure Indian dance. The audience gave a standing ovation. They knew they had witnessed history in the making—a "gharana" of three generations performing together.

"It was a moment I shall always remember," Sukanya fondly relates. "There was so much emotion. Many in the audience were weeping as they

stood applauding our final performance. Tears were streaming down my eyes."

In 1982, at the age of 88, Ragini Devi passed away. She had returned to die in America, the land of her birth. The world owes much to this true pioneer of women performers of the Indian dance. Among the many legacies she has left behind her is the first and most authoritative book ever written on Indian dances. *Dance Dialects of India* includes regional forms of dance rituals, dance dramas, folk dancing, and the classical dance. Throughout the book there are numerous photographs of Ragini Devi, Indrani, and Sukanya performing various dance styles.

Since 1978, Sukanya's parents have been residents in the United States, although they still consider New Delhi their home. Indrani has devoted much of her time to teaching the different styles of Indian dance that she has perfected during her career. She has taught at Brooklyn College, New York University, and Harvard. Currently she is teaching at the famous Julliard School of Dance in New York.

Sukanya frequently performs with her mother on the same program. The two are vivacious and look so much alike that audiences have difficulty distinguishing mother from daughter. "I keep telling mother she should reveal her age, but then—I guess everyone would know how old I am."

Would Sukanya like to have a daughter to extend the gharana established by her grandmother to a fourth generation?

"No," she replies. "We have made our contributions. Let someone else build on what we have done. If I had a daughter, however, I would not pressure her to become a dancer. Any decision would have to be hers. My grandmother was determined that my mother's *dharma* was to be a dancer. "Mother, on the other hand, never forced me to become a dancer. To follow in my mother's and grandmother's footsteps was strictly of my own choosing."

Sukanya recognizes, of course, that being the fourth generation of a famous gharana would automatically place tremendous pressure on a daughter were she to have one. What will be will be.

Above all, Sukanya values the notebooks her mother has kept over the years in which every beat, hand ges-

ture, and facial expression of the *Bharata Natyam* and other styles have been meticulously recorded. Every dance that Sukanya and Indrani have ever worked on has been written down.

"We have really been conscientious about keeping dances pure because of all the pollution that has been going on," Sukanya explains. "Every single step I dance, every instant, every beat is marked down. It is not the kind of dancing that you can improvise. It is exacting."

In the meantime, she teaches her methods to students and teachers alike, and she and Sukanya religiously use them to perfect their own performances.

"If I give a copy of my dance style," Sukanya states, "to another Bharata dancer, she can look at it and do the dance."

One of the reasons for her increased popularity in her adopted state is the new program which she has developed, and which is sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities, called, "Feminine Images in The Myth, Art, and Dance of India: 4,000 Years of Hindu Expression of the Woman." The program is so informative that an audience having no previous knowledge of Indian mythology and the classical dance is able to follow Sukanya's enactment of the great Hindu epics through the dance.

The program is introduced to the audience through slides of female images as portrayed by ancient Indian painters and stonecutters in caves and temples throughout much of the Indian subcontinent. Both Sukanya and Dr. Deborah Soifer, formerly an assistant professor of Asian Religions at Colby College in Waterville, Maine, provide the commentary on the slides and various aspects of Indian culture. Before Sukanya actually begins her performance, she explains the symbolic meanings of each hand gesture and facial expression. Almost anyone can follow the goddess Durga as she rides on the back of a lion to do battle with the demon and feel the sorrow, anger, and joy in Sukanya's portrayal of the beautiful Sita, the heroine in the *Ramayana*.

After her last performance, Sukanya and Dr. Soifer conduct an informative and stimulating question and answer session, giving the audience an opportunity to participate in the program. Throughout the entire pro-



Dr. Deborah Soifer and Sukanya

gram, her audience is enthralled not only with the dexterity with which she performs but with her effervescent personality and the enthusiasm and dedication she manifests for her art.

Sukanya feels she is performing a valuable service by helping to bridge the gap between East and West. All too few in the West are aware of the extent of the contributions that have come to us from South Asia. Emerson and Thoreau were, and they in turn reciprocated with their own contributions; but then, they were a century or more ahead of their time. The "wheel of law" has completed a full cycle, for the story of three generations of a "gharana" of the ancient Hindu dance began in the United States over eighty years ago. Ragini Devi returned to the land of her birth to live out the final years of her life. Indrani and Sukanya have made the United States home for themselves and their families. "We are lucky," Sukanya comments. "We enjoy the very best of two worlds."

Next month: Longfellow

Notes From Brookfield Farm

by Jack Barnes

Photos by Dal McPherson

May is a dynamic and inspiring month of the year—so very much transpires from day to day on the farm. A few good warm days from the middle of May on and everything seems to explode. Lovely are the wild cherry and apple trees whose blooms form a brief but splendid mosaic as they emerge from the other trees to reign supreme. A few of the wild apples arch gracefully over a sea of grass swaying and rippling in the wind. Unfortunately, on one of these windy days all the fragrant blossoms will come showering down and there will be floral tapestries along the ground. The pink and white petals floating along the surface of our brook remind me of wreaths of jasmine that Hindus cast into the Ganges as an offering to Ganga, goddess of the holiest river in Hindustan, to assure fertility, fruition, and auspiciousness.

Here at Brookfield we feel no need to cast floral wreaths into our lovely brook that they may be conveyed to the sea. No, we shall leave these sort of ceremonies to Nature. We are sorry to see the blossoms go, but the flowering of the trees is just a phase of the cycle of life and the wheel must continue to revolve.

There are times, especially during haying season when I am trying to mow under these wild apple trees and they lash my face and snatch my hat from my head, that I ask myself, "Why don't I cut these darn trees down? Why do I subject myself to such castigation?"

But then, moments later, I'll hear the sweet voice of the Indigo Bunting emitting from the same branches that brought tears to my eyes; and I'll stop the tractor, silence the motor and the clattering mowing machine, and become enraptured by the private concert performed by one of the most strikingly beautiful birds we have at Brookfield Farm.



IT'S MAY AND THE DAY IS BULLEN'

Above and beyond the spiritual reward for sparing the lives of most of our wild apple trees, there is the material reward—for Diana makes heavenly apple jelly from the fruit that often grows in great abundance. I call it "nectar for the gods" and savor its tangy flavor each time I take a bite of toast. I might add also that there is nothing wrong with the applesauce made from wild fruit.

"What about the worms?" There is always the realist who wishes to intrude upon my poetic license, which usually I hold to be sacrosanct.

Be selective, is my advice, and be lucky enough to be married to a patient woman with a positive outlook on life: the good outweighs the bad.

About the last week in May; there is usually a spell of very warm weather. My elderly neighbor comes around and announces, "It's bullen'."

I shall confess it took me a moment to puzzle out what he meant, the first time I heard this expression, but my linguistic sense told me that it had something to do with the fine weather we were having. Indeed, yes. It means the soil is just right for planting. I really become excited about learning a new/old expression; and bullen' is one of those great words that took over half a century to be added to my vocabulary of local expressions. Since my neighbor has nearly reached his eightieth year and he learned it from "Old man (somebody or other) up on the side of the mount'in'," it goes back away.

Now when I come into the house and announce, "Diana, the day is bullen'," she knows that I am about to plant okra and lima beans—"butter beans," as she calls them, being a Southern lady. Except for a late crop of corn (for I like to stagger my corn so that the coons around here won't go hungry), I have almost everything planted and up by the time I am told "It's bullen'." Though we are still digging parsnips when the first tree and barn swallows arrive, we spend much of the latter part of the month savoring delicate tips of asparagus, eating sorrel greens in hot melted butter with a sprinkle of soy sauce (from the one little patch of sorrel that I planted four years ago), and enjoying salads made of fresh chives and spinach.

"You gitten' stuff from yo'wah gadden' already?" one old timer asked from the open window of his nondescript pickup truck as I was crossing our rude bridge with two pails full of May delicacies from the good earth.

"Ayeh," I replied.

"Gawray sakes, I ain't stahted my plantin' yet. Be the trout bitin'?"

He will come rattling by again just before snowfall late next November and meet me at the same spot (for I too like to check on the trout even though I don't fish) with a pail of collards or kale, and he will again query: "A might late ter be pickin' gadden stuff, ain't it?"

"Ayeh."



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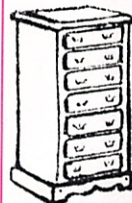
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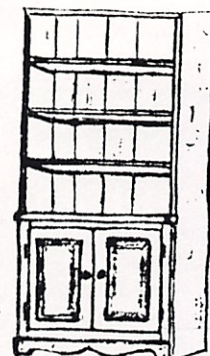
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